CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXVII. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 33.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 22 SCHOOL STREET
(*Near Washington Street,*) *by*
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Brighton Sunday School made, on Tuesday last, an excursion which is worthy of the notice of all interested in the cause of the Sunday School and the church. The facts are easily given. The Society under the pastoral care of Rev. F. A. Whitney, united with the teachers and pupils of the Sunday School, and with a zeal which it would be difficult to surpass, raised an ample sum of money (upwards of $ 150) made every arrangement, and started at half past nine, from the depot of the Worcester Railroad, in *Brighton*, to pass the day in Fisher's Grove, at East Needham. Joined by Rev. Mr. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky., and *Father Taylor*, of Boston, they were escorted by a full band of music from the depot at Needham to the grove. Swings, seats and a platform for dancing had been prepared, and the children were at once dismissed to their sports. At eleven all were called together to lunch; games, flowers, and berry-hunting employed us all, till at two and a half o'clock, we again met to dine. After dinner the following hymn written by W. H. Brooks, Esq., a member of the Society, was sung to the familiar tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Its beauty and appropriateness need no comment.

HYMN.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

God smiles upon our guileless mirth,
He loves our kindly glee,
He blends our cares and toils on earth
With pleasures pure and free.

We'll swing on high among the birds,
And chase the bounding ball,
And dance, and sing with grateful words
To God, who gives us all.

A frolic we will have to-day,
With hearts all pure and light;
Corroding care and gloom, away!
And wrinkles take your flight!

Let children round the aged play,
The old their youth renew;
Let hearts as generous as gay
Give joy to others too.

We'll course the woods and fields around,
Pick flowers and berries sweet;
The hasty cars their call shall sound,
Ere rest our weary feet.

When fading earth no longer yields
To us her fragrant flowers,
Oh! may we roam celestial fields
And spend serener hours.

After dinner the company, numbering four hundred, gathered around the platform under the trees, and listened to an address from the pastor of the Society, from Rev. Messrs. Heywood and F. W. Holland, from Father Taylor, and from the Superintendent of the School, Mr. John Ruggles. At half past five the grand old hymn was sung to "Old Hundred," a closing prayer was most fervently offered by the pastor, and we returned in peace and gladness to our homes. These are the facts; but they give no idea of the day. The joyous Christian meeting of the old and young, parents and children, teachers and pupils, pastor and people, cannot be pictured in words. Father Taylor truly said "*it was like a dream, and all had the spirit and affections of angels, beaming from their eyes.*" The occasion was perfect, the day fair, yet cool, *the conduct of the children*, the glorious music, the thrilling hymns, the stirring addresses, and above all, the christian spirit filling all, made the occasion most joyous and useful. It reflects great credit upon all. It proves the public spirit of the society, the health of the School, the fidelity of the teachers, the interest of the parents, as well as the Christian bond by which all are closely united with their pastor. The meeting has been, and will be, productive of great good in the School and Society—may it be an example to all who would cherish that spirit of Christian brotherhood in which alone we can be united as one family, in peace with one another, and in favor with our God. COTTA.

For the Register.

THE WEST.

This is the season for our young ministers to go out and locate themselves where their labors are more needed and will be better accepted, where their own minds will grow more rapidly and manfully than in idling about home, or even in the far less responsible labor of taking care of the parishes already built up. It was expected of the Meadville school, that, instead of coming into New England to divide their morsel with the Cambridge graduates they should at once seek and make standpoints at the West—in Illinois for instance where manly effort might open a dozen good parishes a year. Two of the last Meadville class are already in their peculiar province, one as minister at large in St Louis, one at Como, not very far from brother Conant.

Do not young men know that for a free and large growth there is no school of education like the West, no teachers like a Western audience, no impulses like those of a free-spoken, large-hearted, fiery-souled Western community! If they know this, why suffer themselves to be cowed down and emasculated by the cold criticism of a round of pastorless societies near Boston? Why sink without an effort into the old ruts, and contract the languid manner, the unimpassioned tone, the gestureless delivery, the stupefying but elegant monotony too common only characteristic of Cambridge!

As a denomination we have done nothing yet for our brethren at a distance; all other Christian societies have covered those rapidly settling lads with their influence, until now we could hardly get a foothold in Ohio—until many of those active communities have settled the question between Orthodoxy and infidelity in the worst way, and you will find a town of several thousands with four mutually-contending "Evangelical" churches and hardly a hundred persons belonging to either of them, and not a tenth of the population to all together.

It would do good of course to raise the Unitarian banner in every such place, because the warring sects would unite together against it, and a season of apparent union and temporary quiet would follow: but then, it would cost so much in the wear and tear of feeling, the patient endurance of denunciation, the constant subjection to insults, that few have the stomach for such work. And there is enough other business of a congenial kind: places where churches stand ready to their hand, where a ministry somewhat kindred to theirs has effectually paved the way. Such laborers cannot go into the vineyard in the great Master's spirit and not find their hands borne up by sympathy and aid from home. Their names will be cherished on enduring memories and their efforts made the theme of hearty eulogy. If these lines should meet the eye of any one who feels hampered here, who cannot abide our conventionalisms nor associate in our associations, here is a call of Providence for his own liberation, and yet for an unspeakably great service to humanity. Instead of going on with a society which groans not inaudibly of a former greatness, instead of being brought into disadvantageous comparison with older ministrations, let him start a society of his own, on ground chosen by himself, and while Eastern help will be freely given, no hackles will be cast upon him, no question mooted regarding his usefulness, nothing but kindness cherished towards his self-denying efforts. H.

PREPARATION IN FRANCE FOR FREEDOM.

[The last letter of Rev. Mr. Bellows in the *Christian Inquirer*, of July 29, is occupied with deeply interesting, and, in our view, just reflections on the present state of things in France as connected with the prospect of a Republic. Mr. Bellows, first remarking on the general appearances of things—the earnest looks of people, whether walking or standing at their doors; the pleased countenances of the baser sort; the middle class endeavoring to seem gratified; the scarcity of the upper class whether on foot or in carriages, as though they did not sympathise with the movement; also the unexpectedness of the Revolution, and that neither the upper class, nor the shop-keepers, nor small property holders, but the mass desire a republic, thus proceeds:]

But it by no means follows, because the Republic is an accident, or has had a premature birth as far as human expectations went, or even because it may not have at this moment the concurrence of the property-holding portion of the nation, that it is to be deplored or despaired of.

There are few who are patriotic and far-seeing enough to be willing to submit to ten years' or a generation of uncertainty and troublesome times, for the sake of achieving even the best political result! We do not doubt that France needs a Republic; at the same time we are far from believing that she is fully prepared for it, or ever would be under a monarchy. The United States were not prepared for Independence. Thousands of property-holders protested against the change which separated them from Great Britain. Those who predict the failure in the French movement, seem to forget that no Republic is born without pangs: and that ten or twenty yeers of embarrassment and financial trouble ought to be considered a small price for the renovation of a nation. There is every reason to think that France will pass through great agitations during the few next years; but it seems almost like treachery to our own constitution, and forgetfulness of our own revolutionary struggles, to doubt that she will ultimately, and without unreasonable delay, obtain a glorious republican existence. It must not be forgotten that the movement in France is but one heave of a moral earthquake, which has its temporary manifestations in every kingdom in Europe, Russia only excepted. It is not as if France were alone in her republican tendencies. She swims with the tide of the times. Who is so dull and faithless as to think, that the great struggles for constitutional government and popular rights now every where begun in such desperate earnest throughout Europe, is a passing excitement a fever of the moment, a fermentation which has no lasting leaven of settled principle to keep it at work! Shall those who have any faith in Providence, in truth, in man—shall those who have seen in America what general equality and universal well-being may exist in a great nation; and those who see the wretchedness and ignorance, and gross inequality, and political and social debasement of the masses on the continent, and perceive what need there is of a radical change in the institutions under which the people perish—shall such doubt that a time will come when a Rebublic will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea? Let not our philosophy deceive us with the wise words that counsel either too great moderation in our hopes, or too great distrust of rapid and revolutionary movements. We hear much of the necessary preparation for great political advances, or right institutions, and of the danger of too rapid progress in civil liberty; of the slow growth of freedom. But any reasonings which leave out of human history a political progress, or civil or social advancement, great crises and radical revolutions, are as much to be depended on, as bridges over rivers, which are built with reference only to the ordinary fall of dew and rain. If a deep experience of the wrongs and miseries of imperfect and false laws and institutions, is any preparation for freedom—if a nature which God has made to thirst for justice and truth, and independence, be any preparation for freedom—if the spread of the Christian faith, which calls every disciple of Jesus to liberty, to self-respect, to a sense of social justice, be any preparation for freedom, then are not these, the nations of Europe, so unprepared for free institutions, that we must needs hold our breath with apprehension, and hold up our finger with warning, when we see the great spirit of Liberty moving upon the face of the waters. It is full time that Europe should make another such movement as that which tumbled the old feudal castles down, and enabled the people to build their own walls somewhat more substantially out of their stones. It is full time that the spirit of feudalism should follow the form, and that the shadow of that old barbarism, heavy as death, sitting like a night-mare upon the bosom of the continental people, should, with one free breath and desperate movement of the body, be dissipated for ever. It seems now as if political falsehoods and figments were all going off at once, like the ice in spring, and as if free institutions were about to have a sudden birth, like the sun breaking out of a mist at noon in full splendor and consummate strength and fervor.

The argument commonly drawn from the degradation of the common people against the prospects of republican institutions, seems to us, here on the spot, the weakest in the world, or rather to have its point turned directly the other way. It is because the people are so degraded, that we look for a republic. It is because nothing else can save them; because there is no other deliverance; because even their religion has no other means of helping them, than through a civil and social regeneration; it is because their wretchedness cries to Heaven for new rulers and just laws, that we believe with all our hearts in the success of the present great European struggle. Woe be to those who, in place of fresh air, would give this smothering invalid only further draughts of the atmosphere which has poisoned him! Woe be to those who have no faith in the safety of allowing men to possess what virtue, religion, justice, truth, humanity, all feel and teach to be their birth-right. It is intolerable mockery to us here, among these taxed, ground, stifled, misery-ridden people, to hear from America itself expressions of doubt whether it be prudent to attempt any radical or sudden change of institutions, which reek in our nostrils, and seem to constitute the essence of the filth and corruption that pollutes our foot-hold and our fingers' ends wherever we rest them. The sty in which the common people ordinarily dwell on the continent—their women, slaving beneath burdens up mountains, or bending over the hoe and the spade on the plains—their men from whose despairing faces the intelligence and hope that constitutes manhood, seem to have died away till the confines of brutal and human existence are brought to a dreadful intimacy. The horrible permanency which such a state of things has had, evidenced in the antiquity of all the signs of oppression and inequality—all have conspired to make us hate the doubt which chills the hope of change and of revolution. Sympathy with our kind makes us enthusiastic republicans, in the midst of the wretchedness which despotism, or even monarchy, creates in every country in Europe, not excepting that which boasts "the finest peasantry in the world." H. W. B.

MR. BANCROFT'S SPEECH,

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in York, England:—

"I esteem it a distinguished privilege that you have called upon me on this occasion to propose a sentiment which will be responded to most warmly from the heart of every one in this numerous assembly (cheers.) I thank you all for the cordial manner in which you have welcomed me to rise. I esteem it not as personal to myself, but as an evidence on the part of the farmers of Yorkshire, that they, too, like the farmers of every other part of England which it has been my lot to visit—that they, too, cherish the sentiments of friendship and regard for that other nation beyond the Atlantic,

'Where Chatham's language is the mother tongue.'

(loud cheers.) And let me seize this opportunity to express my grateful sense of the cordial welcome which I, in common with others, have received in Yorkshire. Your invitation, my lord, brought me on a pilgrimage to this farfamed, this world renowned vale of Mowbray, this land of abbeys; and I, in common with others, can testify that, if the old monasteries are crumbling to the dust, the spirit of hospitality still survives, and has lost nothing of its worth (loud cheers.) And to what an entertainment we have been invited! (cheers.)

We are assembled at the base of the most stupendous monument which was ever reared by the genius, the delicate taste, and o religious sentiments of our ancestors (vociferous cheering,) and which has been so carefully restored and preserved by the pious zeal of their posterity, (renewed cheers.) It seems as if the centuries themselves had descended around us to welcome this living and moving panorama of the industry of England to-day (cheers). It seems as if the centuries of the past had welcomed us to behold the results of your farming and husbandry—results, let me say, which it would be idle to speak of as surpassing the beeves that are browsed on the palatine, or the snow white bulls that of yore graced the hecatombs of Pagan Rome (loud cheers.) No, it would be idle to pass praises of that kind. You yourselves, farmers of a country which beyond all others excels in farming—you yourselves were astonished as you contemplated the stock, and saw what could be produced by the skill, the emulation, and the perseverance of English farmers (loud cheers.) Nor may I omit to add my mite of admiration at the wonderful results of the ingenuity of this people. In the yard in which the implements are displayed, we see the wonderful results that have been accomplished by the workmen of an ingenius nation, enjoying the blessings of liberty who live in a climate which for all you may say of it, is one of the very best in the world; the first of any climate in avoiding the excesses of heat and cold, and by that means being, above all things friendly to industry (cheers.)

And I too, as I come here, must add my sentiment of joy at being now present, as it brings with it reminiscences of home (cheers)—for on the other side of the Atlantic we love to give to the cities which we establish—to the towns which we plant, and to the villages that mark the line in which the English language proceeds in its course towards the Pacific—we love to give them names that remind us of our ancient homes (tremendous cheering)—and that beautiful emporium of American commerce—the city that is starting forward more than any other in the race of prosperity—the city that gems the ocean side—the city that more than any other by its commercial relations binds together the two hemispheres—that city has taken the name of *New York*, and its people are not likely to forget the ties of consanguinity (reiterated cheering.) Thus I am naturally led by the manner in which you assent to those sentiments of friendship which I have uttered to congratulate myself, and to congratulate you, that we live in an age when nations exult in the prosperity of one another (cheers.) I rejoice that we live in an age when, of all the trees that are planted, the husbandman of every land invokes the choicest blessings of Providence on the tree of peace (vociferous cheers,) and pray that its roots may strike to the very centre of the earth, and that it may become so firmly rooted that its boughs may but rustle in the breeze of the stormiest revolutions (loud cheers.)

It is with these sentiments and these feelings that I stand before you this day. The kindness of your president has given me an opportunity of offering a toast which does not require me to put myself forward as a diplomatist—which does make it necessary for me to speak as a privileged spy (cheers and laughter)—but I can only say that any one who comes from any quarter of the world to spy out the nakedness of the land in England will have to go home for his pains (loud cheers.) He can see nothing here but a united people (great cheering). He can see nothing here but a nation that loves English liberties, and that is determined to maintain and advance them under the influence of judgment, of reason, and of the public weal (cheers.) He can see nothing here but a society bound together in the firmest arch, and the keenest cannot detect a crevice. And I speak as in America—I speak as the representative of my country, when I tell you that we rejoice in your returning prosperity (loud cheers.) I should be disowned by my countrymen if I did not utter that sentiment (cheers.) I tell you that the greatest delight I have had in this very happy visit to this far famed valley, this wide, this rich, this vastly extended valley, this valley which has not its rival till you go south, and pass the Alps and come upon the valley of Lombardy—I tell you that the greatest pleasure I have had in this visit is to see everywhere that your teeming fields promise you a redeeming harvest, before which the sorrows of the past year, which I, too, have witnessed, will pass away like the shadow of a summer's cloud (cheers.)

I think I have in my eye the architect of the bridge over the Conway; and I would say, therefore, in reference to what I have seen of the industry, enterprise, perseverance and hardihood of the English people, that their prosperity is assured—that it is like this beautiful famed bridge over the Conway, which by the heaviest burdens that can be imposed upon it, does not bend so much but that the first gleam of Heaven's sunshine restores it to its true level (cheers.) And now that I have shown to you my sympathy in your occupations and pursuits, you will allow, perhaps, that your president has not done wrong in giving me the distinguished honor of proposing the health of your president elect (cheers.) I shall not undertake to pronounce his eulogy; for there are cases where to speak of another might be esteemed as an arrogant assumption. I shall not pronounce his praises, because, on an occasion like the present, the voice of truth might too lightly be misinterpreted as the language of eulogy. But this I am authorized to say, that in selecting a president of the society the voices of the electors fell upon the Earl of Chichester, (loud cheers) not merely because he was a landowner, not merely because he dwelt on his estate amongst his own people, but because he has known how secure to himself the esteem and affection of all the farmers of his neighborhood (cheers.) I therefore invite your royal highness, you, Lord Yarborough, and the gentlemen and farmers present, to join with me in a hearty cheer as we drink 'The health of the president elect, the Earl of Chichester' (cheers.)"

THE GLORY OF WAR.

From Rev. F. A. Farley's Sermon.

The more I think upon War, the more marvellous does it seem to me, that an enlightened, free, and Christian nation, should have been so easily tempted into the snare. But the more also am I convinced, that like the chivalry which in the middle ages held the world in its spell, and sucked its best blood for the merest and silliest fancies, War will yet be regarded as purely barbarous and savage, and become obsolete, and a thing of shame. I know, indeed, that human passions are not as evanescent as human customs, and that War is not merely a custom, but a custom which has its foundation in human passions. But trusting as I heartily do, both in the great law of progress which I believe God has ordained for the race, and in Christianity, that holy and peaceful faith which He has designed to become universal, I see in the dim future a brighter era, when the loftiest predictions of prophecy regarding the reign of Peace, shall be fulfilled!

To the Young Men whom I address, to the Young Men of my country, I would say,—look beneath the garish and gaudy fictions which clothe and hide the emptiness of this vaunted Military Glory,—and of War, which alone makes it possible. "The glory of the celestial is one—and the glory of the terrestial is another!" The "Glory of the Terrestrial" is the glory of War—of Conquest—of "battle, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood"—of cities burned and sacked—of crimes of the worst die perpetrated in the license of victory—of the strong against the weak. "Terrestrial"—Earthly only, is it! Alas, too often, as all history attests—as events almost daily transpiring attest, and which well nigh crush out the hopes of humanity,—it is worse than that—it is Hellish! The very passions of Hell seem to riot in the conflict! But "the Glory of the Celestial" is the glory of Peace—the glory of Christian Contentment—the glory of Unharmed Industry—of Unhindered Commerce—of Quiet Homes—of Flourishing Cities—of happy and prosperous realms—of the weak protected—and the strong, forbearing and generous. This shall be the Glory of a coming Age; when the angels of love and mercy, and of every gentle and divine grace, shall descend from heaven in the better and more faithful ministry of Christ's blessed Gospel, and make their abode with men!

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

DECREASE OF MINISTERS.

The fact has often been lamented in our own section of the Church, that, comparatively so few strong, commanding minds entered the service of the Ministry, in proportion to the real wants of the time. The population of the country rapidly increases; but the number of theological students, if it increase at all, shows no corresponding advance. Talent craves some other sphere of action. The schools of law are thronged. But in the Church it is sometimes difficult to fill the posts already established, or the positions which open themselves, and almost imperatively call for men to occupy them.

We have been accustomed to suppose, in our own want of any general acquaintance with the subject, that all this was somewhat peculiar to ourselves. We have thought that we could perceive some reasons why it should be so, without implying any peculiar want of devotion to our faith. But we have been greatly struck with statements of the same description of late, from other religious denominations. There is an article upon this subject in the last British Quarterly Review, ascribed to the pen of the editor, affording ample authority for such an assertion, and which is evidently the result of careful thought and investigation. That Review, we say as we pass, is the organ of the dissenters in Great Britain; and its statements, therefore, we suppose, are really to be taken in their utmost extent. They are the reluctant confessions of facts which are forced upon its notice. We condense the substance of a part of them.

Beginning with the Continent, the Reviewer says, that in a conversation with Professor Tholuck, he was informed that the University of Halle, which contained between eight and nine hundred divinity students some seven years since, at present has only about half that number. A similar decrease, although not always in the same proportion, may be seen in the other German Universities. In great Britain, according to the Reviewer, the same tendency manifests itself among all dissenters, both north and south of the Tweed, with the exception of the Free Church. It is also seen even in that church, when you look out of Scotland. Dissenters of all varieties of opinion make common confessions, with astonishment and regret, of their common want. Among the Evangelistic Churches of America, too, as they are termed in the article, the statistics lead to the same conclusion. In a word, the Reviewer declares it to be a general feature of Protestantism every where, at the present moment.

The article goes further in the discussion of the subject. It inquires whether there is not also a relative, if not an actual decrease in qualifications, in mental powers, in those who enter upon the ministry, as well as in their numbers. We shall not attempt to follow it in this part of its argument. We only say that the writer does not arrive at any hopeful conclusions.—Nay, it is quite otherwise, when he considers the intense mental development of the time, and the corresponding advancement in the mental qualifications that would be required in the ministry, to enable it to control and direct this increased intellectual activity.

We do not stand alone. For the sake of the religious world in general, we wish it were so. But we suffer as all the members of the same great body suffer. The sects which affirm that the soul's eternal salvation depends upon the reception of their peculiar views, find the same difficulty with ourselves.

The Quarterly Reviewer supposes that this decrease of ministers is mainly to be attributed to the fact, that the estimate of ministerial labor has not risen at all in the same proportion with the estimate of other labor. In the Catholic churches, in the wealthier establishments, there is no deficiency. But among the dissenters, where the present compensation for ministers, in all respects, with few exceptions, is so much less, the tendency appears. Talent can see far greater things awaiting it in other spheres of action, and it turns away. Now, if we rightly apprehend the remarks in the article to which we have referred, we do not think that the remedy it seems at first to suggest, would be any remedy at all. It seems better to us to go to the root of the matter at once. We might indeed ask, not invidiously, but as a matter of fact, what special mental power do the wealthier establishments attract into the Church?—Most of the mighty voices come up from the poor, ill-endowed, unstable dissenting pulpits. The dissenting pulpits shake the establishments by their simple energy. But leaving that, we prefer to say, the world does not yet see the high office, the real work of religious truth.

While we shrink from presenting any such remedy for the decrease of theological students as the Review at least suggests, if it does not approve, we must be allowed to say that we are very little impressed by much which we occasionally hear respecting the special necessity of a self denying ministry. "The ministry would be corrupted if it received the same rewards which attend other modes of action," many tell us. Very possibly. We thank you for your careful guardianship—we have been *tempted* to reply to some who have spoken thus—but did it not occur to you, that *you* might suffer under your prosperity? "We must have examples of self-denial," the world exclaims. But, at times, we have suspected that *examples* were all it greatly wanted; for it seats itself on its cushion of down, when it can, and discourses all the while, by way of atonement, about the necessity of such self-denying examples. We do not object to the doctrine, let it be understood, but like some things that come from the pulpit itself, it would impress us more if we saw greater consistency in its preachers.

We have no feelings of despair about the ministry, although the steps of the pulpit are not thronged by men who are pressing on to its work. Whatever men *believe* they must speak. The ministry of God's truth, in some form, can never cease, until all faith has died out of the world.—Temporary changes, apparent desertions of its service, do not greatly trouble us, however we may regret them for the passing time. When the prospect looks dark, in any particular, under God's providence, then men begin to realise their deeper wants, and rally at the call of truth. The ministry may now seem feeble, and now appear to put on unwonted strength; but it shall never fail.

THE CLERGY, AS EXPOUNDERS OF TRUE LIBERTY.

[The Fitchburg Sentinel publishes the remarks of Rev. Mr. Trask, Orthodox minister of that place, at the celebration of the Fourth of July. The thoughts are of a unique character, and he met the occasion with characteristic plainness and earnestness of speech. We extract the first portion, and give a general account of the remainder.]

The Clergy:—Expounders of true Liberty, and of that law which governs all nations, and shapes the destiny of all forms of Government;—may they hold one of the first places in our hearts.

Mr. Trask said in substance, I rise, Mr. President, to respond to the sentiment just presented. I deem it complimentary to men in my profession. Clergymen fare differently in different hands; by some traduced, by others, flattered; by some, in the defence of the truth, we are lauded as the bravest of the brave, and by others, branded as cowards, and our pulpits, as cowards' castles. I am sometimes reminded of Mather Byles, a singular wit and tory, during the Revolution. To prevent his doing mischief, our fathers placed him under guard on Boston Common;—looking about on the soldiery, he exclaimed, "I am a singular kind of animal; I am guarded, regarded and disregarded."

The sentiment speaks of liberty and law, and of clergymen as being the expounders of these glorious things. By law you mean the unchanging and eternal Law of Right, in which all law about us, that is binding or obligatory, inheres, and from which it derives its authority,—the *great one rule of right for all beings, through all* the dominions of God. Sir, when I think of the height, depth and breadth of this law, its application to the vast and minute affairs of society, north and south, here and everywhere; when I think of the application of this law to governmental affairs, past and present—to the acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, Texas and Mexico; when I think of the Mexican war, with its unequalled criminality, and of three millions of bondmen clanking their chains to-day, while we are sounding out the praises of liberty, I recoil from compliment, and, as one of the profession, I place my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, confessing I am not such an expounder of law and liberty."

[Mr. Trask next alluded to Daniel Webster's observations on the duty of the pulpit to speak out, on what was then a great question of the times—the slave trade; he mentioned also an interview, the preceeding week, with Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, in which the latter, taking him by the hand, said, "Some of us in Congress think hard of your profession, in relation to national questions—Liberty—Slavery—War;" he proceeded to administer a pungent rebuke to the politicians who say to ministers, you take care of the *next* world, we will take care of this; and having remarked, in passing, "God made men first, then ministers, and true manliness, after all, is the true glory of the minister," he closed with maintaining the necessity of freedom of the press and freedom of the pulpit, and their connexion with the peace and prosperity of the nation.]

CATHOLICITY OF MINISTERIAL POSITION

[The following declaration of the Rev. Mr. Chapin, recently of this city, will find deep response in many hearts, and unite him, in true fellowship, with every liberal Christian minister.]

"But I should not do justice to myself, were I to stop here. While I would shrink from no odium which may fall upon me as enrolled in the Universalst denomination, I do not and will not belong to any sect. I will not bind myself to preach according to the standard of any man, or body of men, but will utter what comes to me as the truth. Liable, as others are, to be deceived by prejudiced intellect and biassed will, I would be delivered from the mere routine of sectarian attack and defence—from the notion that all truth is contained in the body of Christians with whom I am associated, and that no new light is to break in. I trust I shall not be accused of mysticism, or of the use of loud-sounding sentences, for I utter the fervent language of my soul, when I say, that I belong to the great Church of Christ only, and recognize all who believe in and seek to imitate him, as my brethren. I believe that each sect of Christendom is based upon some truth; that each has some excellencies; and well indeed would it be, if, quitting the isolated fortifications of party, we would meet on that common ground of which we all occupy so much, and recognize the good there is in all, learn something from each. As it is, this constant reiteration of our own truth, this constant praise of our own excellence, dries up the springs of Christian charity, and cuts off those sympathies which would cause us not only to love better but to know more. There is no tariff so injurious as that with which sectarian bigotry guards its commodities. It dwarfs the soul by shutting out truths from other continents of thought, and checks the circulation of its own. Not presuming to meddle with any commercial or political theory, I feel impelled to advocate the principle of free trade in thought, and open communion throughout all Christendom.

But more than this, I would not only maintain freedom from sectarian routine in regard to other denominations of Christians, but I would stand in a position of free inqury, as to the great realm of truth. Beneath the tent of a sect there may be a strengthening sympathy, and a necessary concert of action. Let us not, however, continually talk of the strength of our stakes, and the length of our cords, but remember that we cover only a little space, and that an infinite reality broods all around us."

EXTRACTS FROM THE HON. MR. MANN'S SPEECH.

Slavery is against the Rights of Man.

The institution of slavery is against natural right. Jurists, from the time of Justinian—orators, from the time of Cicero—poets, from the time of Homer—declare it to be wrong. The writers on moral or ethical science—the expounders of the law of nations and of God—denounce slavery as an invasion of the rights of man. They find no warrant for it in the eternal principles of justice and equity; and in that great division which they set forth between right and wrong, they arrange slavery in the catalogue of crime. All the noblest instincts of human nature rebel against it. Whatever has been taught by sage, or sung by poet, in favor of freedom, is a virtual condemnation of slavery. Whenever we applaud the great champions of liberty, who, by the sacrifice of life in the cause of freedom, have won the homage of the world and an immortality of fame, we record the testimony of our hearts against slavery. Wherever patriotism and philanthropy have glowed the brighest—wherever piety and a devout religious sentiment have burned most fervently, there has been the most decided recognition of the universal rights of man.

Sir, let us analyze this subject, and see if slavery be not the most compact, and concentrated and condensed system of wrong, which the depravity of man has ever invented.

A SETIMENT TO BE PONDERED.—The conduct of governments, like the conduct of individuals, is subject to the laws and retributions of Providence. If, therefore, there is any ingredient of wrong in this institution, we ought not to adopt it, or permit it, even though it should pour wealth in golden showers over the whole surface of the land.

Slavery dooms to Ignorance.

It is proposed to colonize the broad regions of the West with millions of our fellow-beings, who shall never be able to read a book or write a word; to whom knowledge shall bring no delight in childhood, no relief in the weary hours of sickness or convalescence, no solace in the decrepitude of old age; who shall perceive nothing of the beauties of art, who shall know nothing of the wonders of science, who shall never reach any lofty, intellectual conception of the attributes of their great Creator;—deaf to all the hosannas of praise which nature sings to her maker; blind in this magnificent temple which God has builded.

Sir, it is one of the noblest attributes of man that he can derive knowledge from his predecessors. We possess the accumulated knowledge of the age. From ten thousand confluent streams, the river of truth, widened and deepened, has come down to us; and it is among our choicest delights that if we add to its volume, as it rolls on, it will bear a richer freight of blessings to our successors. But it is proposed to annul this beneficent law of nature; to repel this proffered bounty of Heaven. It is proposed to create a race of men, to whom all the lights of experience shall be extinguished; whose hundredth generation shall be as ignorant and as barbarous as its first.

Sir, I hold all voluntary ignorance to be a crime; I hold all enforced ignorance to be a greater crime. Knowledge is essential to all rational enjoyment; it is essential to the full and adequate performance of every duty. Whoever intercepts knowledge, therefore, on its passage to a human soul; whoever strikes down the hand that is outstretched to grasp it, is guilty of one of the most heinous of offences.

A few years ago, Mr. Everett, the present President of Harvard College, then Governor of the State, spoke the deep *convictions* of Massachusetts people, when in a public address on education, he exhorted the fathers and mothers of Massachusetts in the following words:—"save," says he, "save, spare, scrape, stint, starve, do anything but steal," to educate your your children. And Doctor Howe, the noble-hearted director of the Institution for the Blind, lately uttered the deepest *sentiments* of our citizens when, in speaking of our duties to the blind, the deaf and the dumb, and the idiotic, he said, "The sight of any human being left to brutish ignorance, is always demoralizing to the beholders. There floats not upon the stream of life a wreck of humanity, so utterly shattered and crippled, but that its signals of distress should challenge attention and command assistance."

Sir, it was all glowing and fervid with sentiments like these, that a few weeks ago I entered this House—sentiments transfused into my soul from without, even if I had no vital spark of nobleness to kindle them within. Imagine, then, my strong revulsion of feeling, when the first elaborate speech which I heard, was that of the gentleman from Virginia, proposing to extend ignorance to the uttermost bounds of the Republic; to legalize it, to enforce it, to necessitate it, and make it eternal. Since him, many others have advocated the same abhorred doctrine. Not satisfied with dooming a whole race of our fellow beings to mental darkness, impervious and everlasting—not satisfied with drawing this black curtain of ignorance between man and nature, between the human soul and its God, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, across half the continent—they desire to increase this race ten, twenty millions more, and to unfold and spread out this black curtain across the other half of the continent. When, sir, in the halls of legislation, men advocate measures like this, it is no figure of speech to say, that their words are the clanking of multitudinous fetters, each gesture of their arms tears human flesh with ten thousand whips; each exhalation of their breath spreads clouds of moral darkness from horizon to horizon.

A Bible Argument for Slavery.

The gentlemen from Virginia, Mr. Babcock, says: "I see slavery tolerated in the Bible, I had almost said inculcated. I see such language as this: 'Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids; and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession, &c.'" Does not the gentleman know that the same authority, at a much later period, commanded the Israelitish slaves to despoil their Egyptian masters, and to escape from bondage? Surely the latter is the better authority, for its subsequent date. If the gentleman's argument is sound, he is bound to advocate a repeal of the act of 1793. If the gentleman's argument is sound, the free States, instead of surrendering fugitive slaves to their masters, are bound to give their masters a Red Sea reception and embrace; and the escape of the children of Israel into Canaan is a direct precedent for the underground railroad to Canada.

Slavery a Wrong to the Religious Nature of Man.

The dearest and most precious of human rights is the right of judgement in matters of religion. I am interested in nothing else so much as in the attributes of my Creator; and in the relations which he has established between me and himself, for time and for eternity. To investigate for myself those relations and their momentous consequences; to "search the Scriptures;" to explore the works of God in the outward and visible universe; to ask counsel of the sages and divines of the ages gone by—these are rights which it would be sacrilege in me to surrender; which it is worse than sacrilege in any human being or human government to usurp. Yet by denying education to the slave, you destroy not merely the *right* but the *power* of personal examination to all that most nearly concerns the soul's interests. Who so base as not to reverence the mighty champions of religious freedom, in the days when the dungeon, the rack and the fagot were the arguments of a goverment theology? Who does not reverence, I say, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and the whole army of martyrs, whose blood reddened the axe of English intolerance! Yet it was only for this right of private judgment, for this independence of another man's control in religious concernments, that the God-like champions of religious liberty perilled themselves and perished. Yet is this very religious despotism over millions of men, which is now proposed not to destroy, but to create. It is proposed not to break old fetters and cast them away, but to forge new ones and rivet them on.

Sir, on the continent of Europe, and in the Tower of London, I have seen the axes, the chains, and other horrid implements of death, by which the great defenders of freedom for the soul, were brought to their final doom; by which political and religious liberty was cloven down; but fairer and lovelier to the view were axe and chains and all the ghastly implements of death, ever invented by religious bigotry, or civil despotism, to wring and torture freedom out of the soul of man; fairer and lovelier were they all, than the parchment roll of this House, on which shall be inscribed a law for profaning one additional foot of American soil with the curse of slavery.

HEAVEN AND HOLINESS.

The Heaven I desired was a Heaven of holiness; to be with God and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on Heaven, and the enjoyments of those there, and living there in perfect holiness, humanity, and love. And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of Heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and hindrance, and burden to me that what I felt within, I could not express to God, and give vent to, as I desired: the inward ardor of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think how in Heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared to me exceeding delightful as a world of love. It appeared to me that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used to have of holiness. I remember I then said sometimes to myself, I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes: it appeared to me there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely: it appeared to me to be the highest beauty and amiableness, above all other other beauties, that it was a *divine* beauty, far purer than anything here upon earth, and that every thing else was like mire, filth, and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; it seemed to me it brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment, to the soul; and that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers, that is all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun.

There was no part of creature-holiness that I then, and at other times, had so great a sense of the loveliness of, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit, and there was nothing that I had such a spirit to long for. My heart, as it were panted after this, to lie low before God, and in the dust, that I might be nothing, and that God might be all; that I might become as a little child. [Journal of Jona. Edwards.

GOD A HOLY BEING.

God has appeared to me, a glorious and lovely being, chiefly on the account of his holiness. The holiness of God has always appeared to me the most lovely of all his attributes. [Ib.

CHRIST THE MEDIATOR.

I had a view, that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared to me so calm and sweet, appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour which kept me the bigger part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt withal an ardency of soul

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, AUGUST 12, 1848.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

The numerous friends of this School—as well the laity as clergy, and especially its Alumni—who have cherished its interests with ardent and filial affection; who wish to see it flourish to a degree in which they may take a just pride in it; who look to it for able, and well-trained, and devoted young men, both to take the places of the departed, and to increase the company of them that preach the word,—are not permitted to see the objects of their desire as yet accomplished. There are two facts which have long given them painful solicitude—first the incomplete Board of Professors in the School, and, second, the very small number of students. They have rightly judged that the School itself must be made an object of attraction by the quality and extent of the instruction there given, and by the privileges there visibly afforded, in order to influence young men to become its pupils. There must be a *prestige* investing its professors, there must be that in their character—that in their abilities and in their endowments both of mind and heart—that in their aptness to teach and power to interest young men, which shall call forth a sacred enthusiasm. Brick, or granite, or marble walls, venerable elms, the spacious, well-filled alcoves of a Library the largest on the Continent, will not suffice. Living instructors in God's image and receiving from his fulness, must breathe into an Institution the breath of life, and then it becomes a living soul.

What most excites the solicitude of the friends of the Divinity School, is, that two departments essential to its prosperity, and the most important, are not filled at all. There is no professor of Theology, and none of the History of the Church. If these could be immediately filled with the right men—(and there are two, and more than two among our clergymen, who have all the qualifications necessary for the *prestige* we have alluded to—) then would young men flock to it in greater numbers, and come forth to be received by the churches as worthy to be entrusted with the noble office of preaching the gospel, and with the responsibility of leaders in the work of advancing the kingdom of God on earth.

The professors who now have the entire instruction of the Divinity School, are worthy of all honor and confidence in respect to the ability with which they perform the particular duties of their own proper departments—the professorship of Hebrew Literature, and professorship of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care. But when they add to their own peculiar province those of History and Theology, they cannot do justice ever to their own departments, they must perform superficially the whole, and seem to be incompetent where no man in the situation could be competent; unless indeed he might have the versatility of Henry Ware, Jr., or like him consent to be a martyr through labor too much for any one man to perform—an instance not often to be found in this or any period of the Church. It is to be considered, moreover, that the two professors now having the sole charge of the Divinity School, are obliged to pass over into the College proper, and do daily duty there, besides the work which is altogether too arduous for any two men to perform in their own principal department. Their labor extending over so wide a territory, their cares so numerous, their attention divided between so many objects, they must lose whatever enthusiasm they brought to the Institution, and their pupils, if not catch dullness by sympathy, at least not have their best powers developed in the freest and fullest form.

This condition of the Divinity School has for more than a year been the subject of frequent and earnest consultation among many of her Alumni, at meetings specially appointed.—They have conferred with each other in relation to the best method of supplying the Divinity School with the instruction which is needed. After long and frequent deliberation—the Worcester Association leading the way as to the proposal of measures, and the Boston Association responding—a letter was drawn up and sent to the Government Corporation, proposing the immediate filling up of the Hollis professorship, together with courses of lectures on Ecclesiastical History, &c., given by clergymen qualified for the task—the gentlemen from whom the proposal came pledging the churches to supply for a limited time the needed funds. To this the Corporation of the University returned a respectful reply, declining a compliance with the proposal. These two documents were read at the meeting of the Alumni on the day of the Anniversary of the School, July 14. One of the members of the Corporation being present, information was asked respecting the purpose of the Corporation to fill the Hollis Professorship; for it was understood that the Corporation desired to do it as early as possible. In reply it was stated, *that the Corporation were desirous to fill the Hollis professorship, but that the Hollis professor, when chosen, could not give instruction in theology to the students of the Divinity School.* In the view of the Corporation, the Hollis professorship was not founded to give instruction to *resident graduates*, but to give the undergraduates of the College that elemental knowledge of Divinity necessary to a Christian education. *He was to be the pastor and the religious teacher of the under-graduates.* Such a professor, the Corporation were desirous to provide as soon as possible.

Of course, this seems to put the Divinity School afloat. It has created new circumstances in which it is necessary, imperatively necessary, to take new action. It was accordingly voted by the Alumni, "that the Committee appointed a few months previous by several combined ministerial associations, be now a committee of this body to investigate the position and relations of the School generally, and report thereon at the next Annual meeting."

The deep interest, the zeal, the character of these gentlemen, who have been so earnestly engaged in this matter for a long time hitherto, are a guaranty that they will do their work faithfully. If we have not spoken before, it is because we knew that everything is doing that can be done; that the whole is in able and efficient hands; that a word spoken much earlier than now might embarrass and not promote the cause. But we think that the time has come to speak. Some of the remarks we have made above, were prepared to go with our report of the Anniversary at Cambridge; but they were reserved because we did not wish to state facts prematurely, or what might be judged unnecessary to have been stated at all, until the Committee chosen had finished their work.

It remains to be seen whether our churches must do their first works again, and found a new Theological Institution, like Andover, and Princeton, and Lane Seminary. For ourselves, we have not a shadow of doubt that this is the best course to be pursued. It will certainly contribute to promote peace between liberal Christians and their brethren of other denominations, by taking away an obstacle which, so long as it lasts, will, we fear, utterly prevent peace; and with greater harmony, will be the greater growth of the whole Christian body. It will produce a freer, healthier, larger, nobler growth of liberal Christianity itself. We shall feel and be more independent. Our influence on other bodies of Christians will be greater; for our apparent reliance on a State institution, which is really not now a support, has with them the weight of substantial considerations to diminish their respect for us.

DECREASE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

Attention has been called in various ways to the small number of students at the Cambridge Divinity School. It is a subject worthy of earnest consideration. As connected with the wants of our denomination, it is certainly a very painful fact. There may be, and doubtless there are, particular causes affecting the present attendance at Cambridge. But there are general causes at work also, which most of the other theological institutions in the country feel in a diminished number of students preparing for the ministry. Compared with other institutions, the Divinity School at Cambridge does not exhibit a greater relative decrease of numbers than they, and perhaps not so great. Without attempting to specify what the causes are which are thus at work, we will show their effects.

And first, it is a fact as remarked by the elder Dr. Beecher in a late visit to this city, that "there are now in our colleges fewer pious young men in proportion to our numbers, than there were in former years; and of those who have been in our literary institutions, or are still there, too large a number of them have chosen other professions than the gospel ministry." And he added that "if one thing more than another made him tremble for the welfare of his country, it was, that so few pious young men, of late years, had entered upon a course of study in our literary institutions."

Secondly, in regard to the number of students now in theological institutions. From a recent Report of a Committee of Visiters at the Bangor Theological Seminary, published in the Christian Mirror of this week, it appears that the graduating class last year numbered twelve. The present number is fourteen seniors, nine middle, and fourteen juniors—thirty-seven in all. The present junior class at Lane Seminary, as we learn from the same Report, consists only of 8; at Andover, 16; at New Haven, 14; at Auburn, 15; and at the Western Theological Seminary, 12. The number of Juniors at Cambridge (at a date which compares with that assumed above) was *seven*, of whom six were graduates from some college. The number of the middle class was 10; *one more* than the number of the same class at Bangor, while the junior class was *only one less* than at Lane Seminary.

These general causes which affect us at the same time with other denominations, and which show perhaps more than our arguments, and against their protestations to the contrary, that we all belong to the same Christian body, flourishing when they flourish, pining away too when they decay,—these causes let us engage with our fellow Christians in searching out, and if possible remove them. One thing *ministers* can do, as suggested by a remark of Dr. Beecher in connection with what we have quoted. "He believed that if parents were faithful to their children, and had them trained for the ministry, God would put them into it. It was so in his case; he had his children educated for gospel ministers, and God had already called several of them into the work; and he believed that before long he would call the others."

ORGANS.

We do not mean the noble instruments placed in our churches to sound forth the praise of God—as Milton describes in his *Il Penseroso:*

> "But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowed roof,
> With antic pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light:
> There let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full voiced quire below,
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dis olve me into ecstacies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

We do not mean these, but what are called *organs of a denomination;* as for instance by the editor of the Christian World, in a paragraph which appeared last week respecting the Cambridge Divinity School.

"We regret," says our brother of the World, "that the Christian Register and the Christian Examiner—the two acknowledged ORGANS of the Unitarian denomination—have kept aloof from any expression of opinion concerning the management of this Institution; and that it has been left to us to broach the delicate subject. We propose doing so freely and frankly, and we hope it will be to some good purpose.

It will never be charged upon us, any system of *whitewashing*. If we have exerted but a small influence among our brethren, it will not be because we have kept back the truth, or screened any negligence or wrong doing. We have felt that religious matters, and especially the things that are in any way connected with religious culture, should be open as daylight."

Now it is not a great while ago that some paper gave the appellation of *organ* to the World—which was resented with the greatest indignation, on the ground that such a term is foreign from the usages, and repulsive to the feelings, of Unitarians. We should like, said he, to see the man who would *dare* call himself an organ of the body! Why then, brother, do you apply it to the Register and Examiner? Why adopt a practice which you have reprobated? Why give a double emphasis by means of your small capitals, and thus convey a doubly intense signification?

It will always give us sincere pleasure to see our brother of the World forward in every good word and work. No feeling of envy will arise though he be the first to speak and the first to act. But he will permit us to suggest, that the silent example of being first is mightier than to be continually proclaiming it. Self-sacrifice is nobler when not united with self-glorification. A man who is really doing a great work will see so much remaining to be done, that it will seem to him that as yet he has done nothing at all. With a large Christian apprehension of duty, he will perceive too great deficiences in his best efforts, to make a boast of them. There never will be but one justification of boasting—and that is, self-defence, when one's influence is sought to be lessened by disparaging his work, or defaming his good name. With such a necessity or excuse as this, St. Paul, whose great soul felt that he was "less than the least of all the saints," once in his long life boasted. But, as he tells us, he felt very foolish in doing so. "I am become a fool in glorying," said he: "ye have compelled me."

But let it be said, in behalf of our brother of the World, that in another part of his paper he gives up (we will try not to think he does it with reluctance,) his ground of boasting in this particular instance, in consideration that the Monthly Magazine had already spoken out—which he was so unfortunate as not to see at the time. He ought also to have added the *Christian Inquirer* of July 29, which, besides a paragraph quoted in the World "as a partial endorsement of his suggestions of bad management at Cambridge" has also another article of more than half a column's length, which the World does not allude to, and which is as much before the World in the plainness and severity with which it has "broached this delicate subject," as the article itself is before that of the World in priority of time. Thus much for the edification of our brother of the World. We will only add, that when he talks again about "organs," whether for honor or reproach, we insist on his including the Christian Inquirer, and the Monthly Religious Magazine—nay, the Christian World too. And let each one discourse the best music that it can!

THE OBJECTIVE VIEW OF ATONEMENT.

In treating the subject of atonement, Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his late discourse at Cambridge, gave marked prominence to what he called the *objective* or *liturgical* view. This he considered necessary *as a form for the feelings.* Regarded simply in this light, we should have but little occasion to object to a vicarious atonement. There are various objective views of God, which come into the same classification—they are forms for the feelings, in other words, they are metaphors, with a profound meaning at their basis. Thus "God is a sun," "God is a rock." These are expressions which, when we utter them, we feel to be most significant; but once regarded as dogmas, as forms for the logical understanding, they would dissolve instantly before rational inquiry. Still they are to be retained, as forms for the feelings, and none will deny their value.

So may we call Christ "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" and to us this is most significant. We cannot relinquish it. Contemplated by the logical faculty, it cannot stand, but as a form for the feelings it is attractive, like the expressions—God is a rock, God is a sun. The work which dogmatists have made of the metaphors significant of the office of Christ, is just what it would be, were they to turn into dogma the declaration, God is a sun, or God is a rock. It is because these metaphors, these "liturgical views," were cast into dogmas, and their reception declared essential both to Christian fellowship, and to the hope of salvation, that Unitarians made their protest; or rather it was because their understandings could not admit the doctrines as logical formulas, that they were cut off, and denounced as heretics, and enemies of Christ. Many thus cut off could have made use, and do now make use, of the liturgical view. But Unitarians would never consent even to regarding the liturgical view as essential; for first, this would be turning it into dogma, and, next, there are Unitarians who from a habit of not using much metaphorical language, and from native temperament also, would not easily take to the custom of using these "forms for the feelings." They are the *colder* sort of Christians—if we may use Dr. Bushnell's remark; for he spoke of the coldness of Unitarians—though we question whether if he were to search the Unitarian churches through and through, he would find anything so cold as what he knows to exist within the breast of not a few who strenuously hold the vicarious view; and those whom at a distance he deemed cold, he would find acting from such habitual religious principle, that he would wish such cold Christians might be multiplied at least in the ratio of our seven months of Winter to our five months of Summer.

There were two arguments for the liturgical view presented by Dr. Bushnell, which we do not feel to be conclusive—first, that the Bible contains a liturgical view of a vicarious atonement expressly intended for man's perpetual use, and secondly, that this liturgical view had met the wants of men in all ages of the Church. But this we shall postpone to another paper. Meantime we take occasion to say, that the haste with which many of the religious newspapers have pronounced on the *heresy* of Dr. B., has been as premature as unjust, and their denunciations, though characteristic, have been a disgrace to them. Dr. B., while discarding the penal and vindictive view, expressly held forth the sufferings of Jesus as an "expression of the right." Now there are many Orthodox men, who regard the death of Christ as only a manifestation—a symbol. Dr. Murdoch, formerly of Andover, and afterwards of New Haven, led the way publicly in a sermon on the subject. True, on that account he lost his place as professor in that institution, and Rev. Dr. Dana formally replied to him. But still for all this, he was not cast out of the pale of Orthodoxy, nor his doctrine put to silence. We submit that Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Murdoch, though they differ somewhat, yet substantially agree in viewing the sufferings of Christ as an expression of the Divine Right, and the Divine Love; in a word, as the manifestation of the Divine.

And further, Dr. Bushnell, viewing man as a creature of feelings as well as of intellect, would say that confidence may be put in the feelings as well as in the intellect. He does put confidence in the feelings—too much we think; but still regarding the feelings as ground of reliance, he accepts their report of the necessity of the objective view of atonement. From the manner in which he expressed himself, we should suppose that his argument from the feelings was far stronger at least to himself than the argument from the understanding to others who lay so much stress on the strict, dogmatic, logical view.

If the distinction between the forms of doctrine for the feelings and the forms for the understanding could obtain among theologians; if the chrystalized, petrified dogmas could be dissolved by some powerful Christian chemistry; it would be doubtless a great gain, and with it a more liberal spirit would be promoted.

Rev. J. P. Lesly.—This gentleman, who is now preaching with so much acceptance to the orthodox church in Milton, and of whose case the readers of the *Register* have been informed through the documents we published last week, has written a letter to the *Puritan*, only one paragraph of which they allow to appear, as follows:

"Sufficient time has now elapsed since the S. N. Association acted, to let it be known, that its action was *not* of that decided and unanimous character, which the article thus pertinaciously presented to the public for my private benefit, suggests, and in which it rejoices; that many of its members found themselves able, if others did not, to understand my position, and expressed themselves desirous to proceed to the usual systematic examination."

The word "unanimous" is used, in common parlance, to denote the fact that a vote is passed without a *nay*. If the *ayes* should happen to be no more than a minority of voters present, still if there were no *nays* given by any of the rest, it would be called a unanimous vote. Such is usage, though it is calculated to mislead. We had supposed, especially from the tone and complexion of the published accounts, that the action in relation to Mr. L. was in the full sense unanimous. We are glad to know, and to publish the fact communicated in the paragraph from Mr. L.'s letter to the Puritan.

For the Register.

NEW YORK IN MIDSUMMER.—COMMENCEMENT.—CHURCHES.

We were glad of the opportunity to attend a *Commencement* out of New England, and accordingly went in due season to the Astor Place Church, in which the Exercises of the Graduates of the Columbia College were to be held. The audience was large but not crowded. The opening prayer was from a venerable clergyman, whom we understood to be Rev. Dr. Schroeder. It was read from a book, and seemed to be a form prepared, in part, expressly for an academic occasion. To us this is a very cold and formal mode of praying. We are disposed cordially to favor the use of the Scriptures for prayer and responses in our devotions. But do not let a minister's mouth be closed against the promptings of his own heart, and be obliged to repeat prayers that are manufactured for him by others.

The exercises of the Under-graduates opened with a Salutatory oration in Latin and another in Greek, which were quite creditable to the performers. Their pronunciation of both languages differed much from our Cambridge standard. The Latin was spoken with the Italian accent, and the Greek somewhat after the standard of the modern Greek—an improvement in both cases, we thought.

Many of the speakers acquitted themselves with good credit, although upon the whole, the tone of thought appeared to us far more juvenile and superficial than is exhibited in our New England Colleges. The favorite topics were rather political than moral or purely literary.—The bearings of Radicalism and Conservatism were discussed by a number of the orators, and opinions were as various as Trinity Church and Tammany Hall.

One feature of this Commencement was quite new to us. No sooner had the speakers made their final bow than generally down came upon the stage, directly over the reverend heads there congregated, a huge bouquet of flowers, which the favored orator would take up without any obvious embarrassment and bear to his seat.—The cause of this phenomenon we proceeded to investigate, and at last succeeded in getting sight of the uplifted arm of a lady in the gallery in the act of hurling the complimentary missile. But some luckless wights among the speakers found that the skies had no showers of roses for them. Were they inferior in thought, oratory, or personal presence? Apparently not, but were simply students from distant homes, and probably strangers to the fair spectators who had stripped their conservatories to do honor to their collegiate brothers and cousins. On the whole, we think this custom far more appropriate to the opera house than the University. It is well enough to crown a Petrarch or Corinna, *when* you can find them.

The Astor Place Church is an honest, old fashioned edifice, which was, we believe, removed piecemeal from down town, and set up stone for stone in its present position. It stands in great contrast with the modern churches in the neighborhood.

The magnificence of the churches in New York and Brooklyn is becoming more and more conspicuous. Millions of dollars must have been expended for them within the last ten years—and not badly spent, if permanence and impressiveness in the places of worship be the result. Yet to our mind much of this costliness serves a purpose little better than that of ostentation, and contributes neither to the solidity, usefulness, or spiritual effect of the edifices.

The gothic, in its various forms, from the Norman to the Tudor period, is all the rage, and is copied without much regard to the nature and needs of our time. Thus Trinity Church is to us a sad blunder—an attempt to revive in our day what belonged to another time. The interior is a sepulchral cavern. It needs the lighted altar and rich dresses of the Papal worship to keep away the bats, and make it tolerable for Protestant worshippers. Such edifices were never intended for Protestant worship, with its simple ritual and intellectual preaching. They were intended for brilliant spectacles such as the Romish Church offers, and they sprang into being at a time when Rome lorded it over Europe, and England had a Roman Missal and not a Common Prayer, upon every altar in the realm.

We ourselves sometimes imitate the Gothic unwisely, and sacrifice the uses of the Sanctuary to rules of Architecture derived from a wholly different age. Our Gothic Churches rarely suit the purposes of Congregational worship. They ought to be more after the ancient pattern or less so—either more light and airy, less incumbered with pillars and ornaments, or else more fully in accordance with the ancient symbolism of the temple. It sometimes seems to us absolutely ludicrous to strain our eyes in the gloom of one of our Gothic churches to define the position of the dark figure within the nebulous dimness of the pulpits. Of one thing we feel very certain. If Protestants build Gothic Churches, they ought to retain the main feature of their symbolism, the chancel—that emblem of the divine presence, which, when properly arrayed with communion table and appropriate inscriptions, tends so strongly to lead the mind to look beyond the preacher to Him whose Law and Love are thus presented to the senses, as the central object of contemplation. For ourselves we feel that the central position in a Gothic edifice belongs not to man but to some symbol of the Godhead. It is an ungracious obtrusion of the preacher to thrust him into a position which the whole genius of the architecture declares not to be his.

But, alas, this matter of Church building has other bearings than those of taste or expression. Parishes are sadly sacrificed to ignorant builders or improvident committees. One of the serious causes of the inefficiency of religion in this country lies in the wretched policy of our mode of building churches. These church debts are sad things, especially when they survive the decay of the gingerbread work for which they were contracted. We have suffered too much from similar improvidence, yet probably less than our neighbors.

The most magnificent church now erected in New York, is in preparation for Rev. Dr. Tyng of St. George's Parish. It is in the Romanesque style with elaborate carvings and a graceful semicircular chancel. The Rector however perils much for the sake of this beautiful edifice. The property of the old church is mortgaged for the new, and he proposes to make the old church down town a subordinate free chapel, whilst the new edifice is to be the legitimate St. George's church. There is a controversy in progress upon the subject in the newspapers. There will be great trouble unless funds enough are realized from the pews of the new edifice to defray its cost without sacrifice of the vested property of the old parish.

We wish that a committee of competent persons would prepare a tract on Church building for the instruction and caution of Christians of every name. We have capital practical tracts on School houses; why not one upon Churches!

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For the Register.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

In listening recently to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell at Cambridge, I was forcibly reminded of what took place, as history informs us, two hundred years ago. Hartford *then* sent its eloquent preacher to Cambridge, who drew large audiences to hear him, and who doubtless dwelt on the same high theme which was the subject of discussion the other evening. Within a few days I have happened to light upon the passage which, as I read it many years ago, I suppose gave the above direction to my thoughts. It has struck me as a curious instance of historical parallel; and, believing that it may interest some of the readers of the Register, I shall quote it. It is found in Mather's Magnalia, Vol. I. p. 311, of the Hartford edition. Writing of the renowned Hooker, of Hartford, Mather's history goes on in these words—"*May* 26, 1639. *Mr. Hooker being here to preach that Lord's day in the afternoon, his great fame had gathered a vast multitude of hearers from several other congregations, and among the rest, the governor himself, to be made partaker of his ministry.* * * * *He preached a most admirable sermon, wherein he held them for two hours together in an extraordinary strain both of pertinency and vivacity.*

There, Mr. Editor, I think it was not strange that my thoughts took the turn above named. After the lapse of two hundred years we see repeated the scene which occurred then. It was not the Hartford preacher alone in both cases, nor "the strain of pertinency and vivacity," but there was "the multitude of hearers from several other congregations"; there was Ex-Governor Everett, the successor of Gov. Winthrop "to be made partaker of the ministry;" there was the same divine theme just as living and fresh now as it was two centuries ago; and, let me add for the benefit of all croakers about modern degeneracy, the sermon of 1848 was precisely as long as that of 1639. H. A. M.

For the Register.

MAINE.

The prospects in this State are unusually encouraging. There are ten or twelve new places requiring missionary services from Unitarians at this moment: the secretary of the Association commenced our worship at Bath last Sunday under very promising circumstances. Ellsworth is to begin on the third Sunday in this month, and Athens, Anson, Norridgewock, &c., the fourth week. Should we do no more than open missionary posts, where for a considerable part of the year our services would be maintained, we should be sharing with other denominations the business of evangelizing the world: but, with suitable wisdom and energy much more than this can be done, and everything invites us to do it now. Brother Brooks is doing a good work at East Thomaston. A minister-at-large is greatly needed at Portland. We have but one vacant church in the whole state at present—that at Kennebunk; which we trust will not endure this widowhood long.

For the Register.

RICHARD W. BAYLEY.

In our last we recorded the death of Richard W. Bayley, Esq., of this city, aged 52. In this event not only an affectionate family, and a large circle of sympathizing and personal friends, but the community in which he lived, have sustained a loss of no ordinary character, and before the seal of an oblivious silence is set upon the tomb in which his body has been laid, it would be well if the living would receive the instructive lesson which his life and example are so well designed to teach. Mr. B. when quite a a young man, came to this city, as most young men do, without money and without friends. His whole capital was the common education which every boy in Vermont could then receive, and a blameless character. By energy, perseverance, industry and application, he soon found employment, became connected with one of our most respectable and substantial mercantile houses, and subsequently, under a firm of which he was the chief partner, laid the foundation for, and obtained a generous competency. Under these circumstances, arrived at middle life, feeling that he had accumulated enough for the comfort and well-being of his family, and for all other useful purposes, he decided, after a careful and full consideration of the subject, to withdraw from active business, and to devote the remainder of his life, whether the term should be longer or shorter, to the purposes of his own improvement, to the oversight, and education of his young and growing family, and to the service of religion and humanity.

Mr. B. was a religious man. This was the foundation of his conduct and character, but it was only after a long-continued study of the Bible and the evidences of Christianity, and a deep inward struggle against the infirmities of his nature, that he was enabled to arrive at clear and consistent views of divine truth in all its evangelical purity and simplicity; but having obtained these, such was the peace and joy that he experienced in believing that he felt a constant and irrepressible desire to impart them to others, that they might experience a like joy, and enter with himself into a like rest. From thenceforth, he became a member of a church (the second church in this city), and during some of the last years of his life was one of its honored officers, and was never more happy than when in the Church or Conference Meeting, or a still more private circle, he could listen to the studied or the spontaneous expressions of religious truths and experience from simple or from gift-lips: or could lead or join in those sweetly chanted hymns in which the whole audience united as with one heart and with one voice.

The feelings of Mr. B. were early and naturally enlisted in the cause of Sunday Schools. In the Howard Sunday School which is one of the largest and best, connected with the ministry to the Poor in this city, and as a teacher in it of a large Bible Class for young men, an opportunity was given him, of laboring for a portion of the community in which he had always felt a deep interest. Many are the young men of humble birth and of the rising generation, who will rise up and call him blessed for removing by his faithful instructions the darkness and doubts of their minds, for guarding them against the temptations of a city life, and for guiding them into the paths of religious wisdom which are the only paths of true pleasure and peace. One of them certainly, will never cease to be grateful for an education received at his expense and which has placed him successfully in the ministry of the Everlasting Gospel.

At an early period he also became connected with our extended and excellent system of Primary Schools, and as a member of its Executive Committee, and for a long period as Chairman of the whole Board, he rendered them an invaluable service, by an interest and energy devoted to their improvement, which extended over many years. Besides these more unintermitted services which only ceased with his health, he was an agent of the Sunday School Society, a Director of that excellent institution, the Farm School, a member of the Legislature, and an officer in a number of other public institutions, in all of which by his fidelity, his practical knowledge, and great efficiency, he did much to promote and secure their welfare, their success, or the highest and best interests of the community.

By these remarks however, let us not be understood as claiming for Deacon Bayley a faultless character. Nothing would grieve his own spirit more than a consciousness at this moment that any such claim had been made in his behalf. No one was more sensible than he of his own deficiencies, and none had sought more earnestly or through more conflicts of the spirit, for their removal. But this *is* the praise of Mr. B., that fully sensible of these infirmities, and feeling himself surrounded and pressed on all sides by his own and the worldly tendencies of others, he was nevertheless enabled, successfully, to say to himself, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther"; that he could break away so far from the cares, and toils, and gains of the outward and delusive world, to devote so great a remainder of his life to the control and regulation of his own heart, the correction of his own faults, to the enlargement and improvement of his own mind, and this chiefly in devoting his time and talents to promoting the good of others. And "Go thou and do likewise," is the lesson which the living should receive from the example, and the now silent tomb of our departed and lamented friend; a lesson which was never more needed than here and now, when the business community, as ever, are so much engrossed in the love of gain, to the forgetfulness and neglect of those higher claims, which religion and eternity always have, on the tempted, the sinning and the dying. P.

For the Register.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

Died, in Syracuse, N. Y., on the morning of the 28th of July, Mrs. Elizabeth O., wife of Hiram Putnam Esq., aged 60.

The following is a part of the discourse preached the ensuing Sunday, to the "Church of the Messiah," by S. J. May, the minister of that church, of which the deceased was an invaluable member:

2 Samuel xx. 19: One of them that are peaceable and faithful, *a Mother in Israel.*

I take these words not in the sense in which they were used by the sacred writer, but in the sense in which they first come to the mind; because thus understood, they are strikingly applicable to that excellent woman of whom you are expecting me now to speak. The feeling is very prevalent throughout this community, that a mother in our Israel has been removed from us during the past week.

Mother is a name dear, I trust most dear, to the hearts of us all. It comes to our lips with our earliest recollections of tenderness, of watchful love, of untiring care. And these precious memories of childhood are, in many of your hearts, deepened by unnumbered subsequent acts of affection.

The moral influence of mothers, is that which, more than all, endears them to their children. Who so quick to mark our errings, yet who is so ready to forgive? In the biographies of most men who have been distinguished for their virtues, there is a remarkable resemblance in this particular, that they are known to have attributed their excellences mainly to the care, the admonitions, and the examples of their mothers. And the most poignant anguish felt by those, who have led a vicious life, when awakened to a sense of their sin and wretchedness, has been caused by the reflection that they would have escaped it all, had they only followed the counsels, and yielded to the prayers of their mothers. In the memories of many who have passed through heavy trials, and been sorely tempted—of men who have yielded to their spiritual enemies scarcely less than of those who nobly withstood them, how often do we meet with the most touching references to a mother's love—a mother's faithfulness—a mother's piety, that, as it were a guardian angel, in the hour which tried their souls, appeared through the vista of bygone years, and with a calm, tender and imploring look, admonished them of their duty to God. Not always, alas, has the dear vision had power to strengthen the infirm in virtue—to restrain from the commission of sin. But where it has failed so to do, the remembrance of it has afterwards, in the day of repentance, added all the more to the severity of self-condemnation. Often, however, are we assured by those who have been fearfully exposed to moral danger, that a mother's parting word, or a passage she had marked in the Bible which she gave as the token of her love, came to remembrance at the very moment of utmost need, and determined the soul aright.

Indeed, it may not be doubted, that a mother's love is the chosen medium, through which God's holy spirit conveys its choicest influences to the hearts of the children of men. The *first* impressions on infant minds are made by mothers. How early these are received we cannot ascertain; doubtless, much earlier than is generally supposed. There is now in our midst a highly intelligent blind man, who lost his eyesight when only six or eight weeks old. He is sure he retains in his memory the image of his mother—a sweet sad face that hung over his pillow as he lay in the anguish of that disease which destroyed this highest sense. If he be mistaken, who could try to rob him of the dear delusion! But I am by no means sure he does deceive himself. I know that the remembrance of mother goes back to a period in our existence, of which the mind cannot fix the date. And the impressions which our mothers made upon our souls are not to be effaced. Can then a more important trust be committed to a human being, than the great Parent of life has committed to woman, in the power he has given her to mould the disposition, and develop the intellect of her child?

Only when maternal affection is purified and exalted by a truly religious spirit, will it animate and guide woman to the faithful discharge of this, her highest function. The most exalted commendation that can be bestowed upon a woman; and, I believe, when we come to understand and appreciate more justly than we now do, the connections and dependencies of being, we shall say, the most exalted commendation that can be deserved by a human being is this—*a truly good mother.*

Before such a one, how small do they appear, whom the world calls great men. They have aggrandized themselves by enterprise and skill in the accumulation of wealth, or by the adroit management of political parties, or far more and much worse by leading armies to victory in horrid battle. Oh! how blind we are to all that is truly godlike in man, when we make success, in either of these respects, especially the last, the ground of our confidence and admiration. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." When I see my countrymen hurrying to do honor to a man who has attained to eminence only in the hellish acts of infuriating the passions of his deluded followers, and guiding them with skill in the horrible work of human butchery, I hide my face for shame that they have so utterly mistaken *true greatness;* yes, I fear and tremble to see how highly my countrymen are esteeming, what is an abomination in the sight of God. Victors' wreaths will grow pale and wither in the bright radiance of the Heavenly Father's presence, whose name is Love; but a crown of unfading glory will there adorn the head of the peaceful, faithful mother. Warriors and statesmen are toiling, intriguing, and fighting to establish or overthrow this earthly dynasty or that, this form of human government, or that.—Faithful, pious mothers are doing what they may to establish the kingdom of Heaven upon earth—the kingdom of righteousness, peace and love. Incomparably more to be trusted, and admired than the greatest military hero, is that quiet woman; incomparably more is she doing for the real welfare and true glory of our country,—incomparably more for the good of mankind, who is teaching her sons the godlike lessons of forgiveness; never to avenge themselves; to suffer injury long and still be kind.

A true woman cannot if she would, and would not if she could, confine her influence to her immediate family. Indirectly she must needs be, by the effects of her example, a benefactor to her neighborhood, to the community in which she lives. Seeing her beautiful fidelity, other women are quickened in their aspirations after a like excellence. And her children, wherever they go, unconsciously perhaps, inculcate upon others the lessons they have received from her. But her kind regards, and offices of love, are more directly bestowed. The young, in particular, are the objects of her maternal solicitude.—She is a mother in Israel. Childhood lays a claim to a true woman's regard, which is never disallowed. She never passes carelessly by a suffering or neglected child. Poverty, rags, and squalid looks, cannot repulse her from a little one who she knows might be made, by the genial influences of education, a dear child of God and a benefactor to mankind. That noble institution, the Orphan Asylum, which our city cherishes as one of its brightest ornaments, was started and reared by the enterprise and patient diligence of the maternal spirit.

The good mother knows what an influence (silent yet strong) a cheerful, happy, well ordered house has upon young manhood and buoyant youth. Such a woman is careful to make her domestic circle genial and inviting, that she may attract within it those who are continually tempted to frequent scenes of questionable amusement, if not of vicious pleasure. * * * * *

Thus have I set before you a mother in Israel—a woman true to the high obligations she is under to her own offspring—and deeply interested in the welfare of the rising generation.—The theme suggested itself to me as appropriate to this occasion, made mournful not to a family only, but to our church and this city, by the decease of a lady, of whose characteristic excellencies you must have been reminded by many things I have said.

Mrs. Putnam was so well known to many of you, that it has not been necessary I should attempt an elaborate portrait of her. And I have too much reverence for her unaffected modesty and self-distrust, to give thus publicly, any more than the simplest sketch of her worth.

She whom you have known as an exemplary mother, had in earlier life been a devoted daughter and sister. * * * * * Early in life appeared that peaceable spirit, that fidelity to duty, those kind manners, that consideration of the feelings of others, which have endeared her to so many in this home of her later years.—She was then, as we have seen her to be in a remarkable measure, *unselfish.* She found then her happiness, as we have known her to do, in promoting the happiness of those about her. So it is in the order of Providence, that by doing cheerfully what the law of love demands, in every period of life, we prepare ourselves for the easier performance of our duty in the period that succeeds. The self-indulgent daughter, the selfish sister, may not be expected to become the efficient wife, the devoted mother,—much less the willing neighbor and generous friend of human kind. * * *

☞ Mr. Francis C. Williams, of Brighton, has received a unanimous call to the 1st Unitarian church in Albany.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Remarks in Refutation of the Treatise of Jonathan Edwards, on the Freedom of the Will. By W. B. Greene. Pp. 30.

Mr. Greene's pamphlet will be sought for by metaphysicians, who know his keen metaphysical acumen. We have had time, as yet, only to read the first two pages, also pp. 11, 12. 13; (we shall however certainly peruse the whole;) and we see clear dfienition and statement, with which we entirely agree, and discern at once that the author, with true dialectic skill,—his early *military* experience being of service to him—has chosen vantage ground where his victory is sure.

☞ We by mistake gave to another the credit of sending us Mr. Burnap's Lectures to Young Men, which was due to *Crosby & Nichols*—who have a supply of the work.

☞ Other notices already prepared,—there is not room to insert.

CARLYLE'S OPINION OF THE PROSPECTS FOR ENGLAND.—A correspondent of the *Harbinger*, under date of July 7, says that he "heard Carlyle, a few nights previous, conversing on the growing expense and abuses of the landed aristocracy, and the unchristian Church establishment. These things," said C., "must stop, or the people will go to inventing those barricade things, and they will be brushed away like flies."

DETROIT. Unitarian services are about to be commenced as soon as some one of our self-educated young ministers is ready to go. Undoubtedly, patient effort would find as great a reward there as at St. Louis.

[Deferred from last week.]

REV. O. W. B. PEABODY. The Advertiser, in announcing the death of Mr. Peabody, says:

"He was well known by a residence of a number of years in this city, for his accomplishments as a scholar and writer, as well as his most amiable and exemplary character, by which he strongly attached to him, all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a well read lawyer, and might have engaged in the practice of the profession with success, had not literary pursuits been better suited to his taste. He was employed for two or three years, as an assistant editor of this paper, during a period when the principal editor was deeply engaged in other pursuits. The duties of this station he discharged with marked ability and good judgment. He afterwards filled for several years the office of Register of Probate, to the duties of which he devoted himself with the utmost care and assiduity. He subsequently entered the clerical profession, and was, a few years since, settled at Burlington. He has been recently engaged in preparing a memoir of his twin brother, the late W. B. O. Peabody, of Springfield, to be published with a selection from his writings. The publication of this work has been expected with deep interest, and it is to be hoped that it is not left unfinished. Alas, that the task should so soon devolve on some survivor, to prepare from his own writings a twin posthumous volume, to that which he had prepared of the works of his lamented brother."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FRUITS OF ANTINOMIANISM. The editor of the Christian Observer—Philadelphia—a member of the Constitutional Assembly—(new School) makes a bold statement of well authenticated facts in illustration of the deplorable fruits of antinomianism among Presbyterian preachers; and he says he has a series of such facts brought before him by ministers and other members of "Old School Churches." Touched by the "personal abuse" he has received from that quarter, and in the necessity of "vindicating the character of the new School Church," he thus sounds the note of challenge:—

"If we are to be met continually with such paragraphs as the following, we shall carry the war into Africa and exhibit the position now occupied by some of the zealous promoters of this *boasted* "purification," who are said by brethren of their own Presbyteries, to be addicted to the vice of drunkenness."

Here follows the paragraph alluded to:

"COINCIDENCES.—Dr. Chalmers was the principal leader in the disruption by which the Free Church of Scotland was established; Dr. Green occupied a similar position in the disruption, which resulted in the purification of our own Church. Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Green both lived to see the happy results of these measures, and the great prosperity of the respective churches which they had long served. Both of these men stood high in the estimation of the Church and community at large, and were distinguished for piety and literature. Both of them died during the respective meeting of the General Assemblies of the respective Churches, and Dr. Green was buried on, or very near, the anniversary of Dr. Chalmers' burial in the preceeding year. The memory of both is blessed."

"This paragraph," says the Observer, "is peculiary unhappy, as calculated to suggest a series of contrasts, which no discreet friend of Dr. G. would ever wish to bring before the Christian public."

Speaking of one whose "fashion for his cups was too strong," the Observer adds, that "apprehending his brethren would be true to the interests of pure religion, and bring the salutary discipline of the Church to bear upon him—he withdrew from their jurisdiction, and joined an "Old School" Presbytery, which rejoiced over their proselyte. *The Presbyterian* was a partaker of their joy—and it was sounded through the land—"the New School are coming over!"

REV. DR. C. M. BUTLER, OF WASHINGTON. The Washington Correspondence of the Reflector and Watchman thus speaks of this Episcopal clergyman, formerly of Boston:

The labors of Dr. Butler have been greatly blessed since his settlement in this city, and his church is crowded every Lord's day morning and evening, and though the other churches do not present the same aspects of prosperity, I believe all the several churches of Christ are prospering, and their pulpits supplied by an able and evangelical ministry.

CONGREGATIONAL STATISTICS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The minutes of the General Association of Massachusetts, which have just been published, state that the whole number of members of the Orthodox churches in this state, in January, 1848, was 66,140, of whom 1,458 were admitted by profession, and 1,718 by recommendation—in all 3,176 admitted during the year 1847. There were removed, from all causes, in the same time, 2,900. The number of adult baptisms is estimated at 519, and 1,421 infants; and of Sabbath school teachers and scholars, at 62,397. They are 17 less vacant churches than there were the year before. The number of ministers without charge is 79. Hence he inference has been often drawn that there is a surplus of ministers in Massachusetts—but this is not the fact. More than 40 of this number are employed as teachers, professors, editors, and agents for the benevolent societies, and there are 33 vacant churches supplied more or less by the rest. Besides, a considerable number have resigned their charge on account of illness or age.

SWEDENBORGIANISM. The Princeton Review, in an article on this subject states, that in 1844, the regular preaching force of this body was twenty-five ministers; that the number of the congregations was forty-eight. As to pecuniary resources, the treasurer received in 1844, 191 dollars and 84 cents. Swedenborg stated that the *year 1852 is to be decisive of the destiny of his church.*

If its doctrine be not then extensively embraced, it is to be counted as false. His religious writings, consist of twenty-seven large volumes. He rejected a large portion of the Scriptures as not inspired.

ECCLESIASTICAL DESPOTISM. The Presbytery of Tuskaloosa, Alabama, have suspended from all the functions of the Gospel Ministry and from the communion of the Church, the Rev. T. Morrow, until the Spring Sessions of the Presbytery in 1849; and "should he by that time give satisfactory evidence of repentance, he shall then be restored—but failing to do so, he shall then be deposed."

The cause of this act is, that a case was pending before the ecclesiastical courts respecting Grove Church, and Mr. M. published in a pamphlet an *ex parte* statement of facts and testimony, relating to the case.

NEED OF MINISTERS IN MISSOURI. Under date of June 27th, Rev. Dr. Bullard of St. Louis writes to the Christian Observer:— My congregation is in a more prosperous condition than it has ever been before. Some of our churches in this city and State, have been greatly blessed this year. As a synod, we have greatly gained everywhere in permanent influence, where we have had ministers. All we need, with the continued favor of our God upon us, to meet the growing wants of this largest state in the union, is a *large increase* of talented, self-denying, efficient, pious ministers. Some eight or ten of our churches must soon perish, to say nothing of three or four times that number of important waste places, which should at once be occupied, if we do not soon receive a reinforcement of missionaries, with a missionary spirit.

I have written and begged, and entreated in vain, till I despair of help from such means. When I was East, three years ago, I obtained eight or nine new men, most of whom remain among us to this day. But since then we have not more than held our own, as to our number of ministers."

DEMAND FOR BIBLES IN ITALY. On June 17, the Rev. Mr. Lowndes, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Malta, received an application for *two thousand* Italian Bibles, of Diodati, for circulation in Italy. On the day previous, a similiar application was made for several hundred Bibles, of the same version, also for the Italian States. And on the day before that, an application was made by a person in Malta for one thousand of the same Bibles, for distribution in Sicily.

FIRE AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE. The damage done by the late fire at Constantinople, amounts to two millions sterling, and Messrs. Dwight, Schauffler, were burnt out. The Sultan has abolished the custom which would not permit a Turk to let a house to a Christian, and given permission for all the Europeans deprived of homes by the fire, to be received into Turkish houses.

DR. THOM. The University of Heidleburg, in Germany, an institution of about 600 years standing, and distinguished by the number of eminent men who have been connected with it, has just, in a very handsome manner, conferred on the Rev. David Thom, of Liverpool, England, the rank of Doctor of Philosophy.

The Rev. J. N. Maffit has been preaching in Batesville, Ark., and the papers of that section say "that the whole population, white and black, slaves and free, have joined the church under his preaching—and that the millenium has actually come in that section of Arkansas.

CLERGYMEN. The present number of clergymen, of all denominations, in the United States, according to the latest estimates, is about *thirty thousand.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK OF THE STEAMSHIP AMERICA. The absorbing point of interest in the news by this arrival, is *Ireland.* Of *France*, and the nations on the continent, the English papers say that "the news this week is singularly dull; and few would conceive, from reading it, that a state of things so alarming had recently existed throughout it. Although peaceful in its nature, it may prove, as on former occasions, but a treacherous symptom,—a lull before a storm,—which will again sweep with desolation the whole face of Europe."

We will give the news from IRELAND.—

A letter from Dublin, dated July 17th, states that the club organization is daily assuming a more alarming aspect—more secret in the mode of proceeding, but more concentrated and systematised, whilst branch clubs are extending far and wide into the rural districts.

A Privy Council was held at Dublin Castle on the 18th, at which the Lord Lieutenant presided, when it was resolved to proclaim the following places under the Coercion Act:—County and city of Dublin, county and city of Cork, county and city of Waterford and county of the town of Drogheda.

There has been a "brush" at Carrick-on-Suir. A Clonmel correspondent thus describes the affair:

"The Carrick people, on hearing of the arrest of some of the club members, and the rumor that one of their own curates was marked out for arrest, rose *en masse*, and with arms in their hands, consisting of rifles and pikes, repaired to the authorities and demanded the release of the prisoners, who were at once delivered up to them. They then rung the chapel bells, when 4000 men descended from the neighboring hills, armed to the teeth, who remained in Carrick all night. The delivery of the prisoners, and the withdrawal of the few troops were considered as a triumph.

The intelligence of the rising at Carrick-on-Suir was received all through Tipperary with enthusiasm. On Monday night the mountains were all in a blaze with fires, from Slievebloom to Slievenamon, and the peasantry crowded around them in large masses. The cheering along the Waterford range was distinctly heard in Clonmel, and the clubs turned out to do homage to the general enthusiasm. They marched through the town in sections. The military were under arms, prepared, if necessary, for repression.

A public meeting of the "Irish League" was held on the 19th, which was very numerously attended. The Mayor of Kilkenny presided, and order prevailed.

Dr. Cane handed in a list of 1700 Kilkenny men, including the mayor of the city, and three magistrates of the city of Kilkenny, with a great number of the corporation of Kilkenny, sending in their pound each. Dr. Cane said it was no light cause that brought out four of the five borough magistrates, to whom the peace of Kilkenny is confided. No; it was a deep and responsible duty, which pressed into the souls of every one of them. It was this,—that oppression of the direst nature, and grievences not to be endured, pressed their country to the very earth—denying to their countrymen occupation or employment, casting thousands of them into premature graves, and driving the best of those who remained into foreign lands. After cautioning the people to be steady and peaceable in their agitation, and castigating Lord Clarendon for his recent policy in the administration of Irish affairs, he concluded by moving the first resolution:

"That the acts of the English Parliament since the legislative union between this country and England, but more especially during its latter sessions, are sufficient proofs of their utter hopelessness of looking to it either for justice or good government, and that there is no prospect of happiness or prosperity for this country until it is free from the baneful influence of foreign, hostile, and oppressive legislation. That, acting on this conviction, "The Irish League" has been formed, with the sole view and object of restoring to Irishmen their ancient constitution, Queen, Lords, and Commons, by the combination of Irishemen in a course of action at once constitutional and decided."

Several persons addressed the meetings, in inflamatory speeches.

A meeting of the officers of the *Dublin Clubs* adopted the following declaration of the objects of the club organization:

"That the purpose and end of our organization are the overthrow of the power of the British Legislation in this Island.

"That while we are firmly resolved to abstain, in our political capacity, from any interference in matters of a religious or sectarian character, we are not the less desirous that religion should be upheld, and the legitimate influence of its ministers maintained in its integrity.

"That so far from desiring to overthrow social order, and to subject our country to universal anarchy, our first anxiety has been, and is, to secure the legislative independence of our country with the least possible injury to any class of its inhabitants; and in the accomplishment of these our designs we hope to put an end forever to the sufferings and the disorders which have never ceased to afflict our people under the sway of Britain."

In *Kilkenny* in consequence of a report which has no foundation, of the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Dr Cane, a magistrate, and the leader of the Confederates, in that quarter, the populace made a formidable demonstration, and barricades were erected in the town.

The accounts on the 20th from Tipperary and other parts of the south, regarding the preparations for an outbreak, are of a very serious and alarming character.

The purchase and manufacture of arms was proceeding rapidly in Ireland. Eighty stand of arms were purchased by the Dr. Doyle Club; of which Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, is the president. 20,000 stands of disused military flint muskets have been purchased in London for the use of the insurgents. Hyland, the noted pike-maker, has left Dublin, for Carlow, with a large consignment of pikes.

The rebels have prepared a map of the city of *Dublin* subdivided into districts, in each of which, the points at which the clubs are respectively to muster, and where barricades are to be thrown up, are indicated.

And yet of all this, the London Times says:—

"There is nothing very dangerous in the circumstances of Ireland, and nothing but promptness is required on the part of the Government to change the threatening aspect of affairs, and dispel the froth and fuming of the Dublin confederates, which, after all, the Times says, are only a repetition "of old Dan. O'Connell's harangues, that this is positively the last peaceful effort they intend to make for their deliverance, and then—but there they stop short, and leave us to conclude, if we please, that they meant after all, to do nothing."

The Priesthood. An important fact bearing on the state of things in Ireland is that the Roman Catholic priesthood are beginning to take alarm at the clubs. Twenty-one priests of the deanery of Tuam have protested against them. The Rev. Mr. Costello of Limerick, disavows them; the Rev. Thomas Dixon of East Passage, Waterford, denounces them in the strongest terms; and the Rev. Mr. Henebry, of Rathgormac, county of Waterford, has virtually kicked out of his parish a deputation of "organizers" from the Dublin clubs, telling them in plain terms that Mitchell deserved all he got.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

INTEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Says Rev. Mr. Noyes, Free Will Baptist clergyman of Boston, now in England, in a late letter:—"Intemperance in England and Ireland, exceeds all of which I ever had any conception; and yet ministers of the gospel, of all denominations, give their sanction to the habit of drinking."

He thus narrates his approach to Belfast:—"The green hedges were missing, and I was told that the poor people had burned it for fuel: the lands were poorly cultivated, the mud and straw huts were as wretched as any I ever saw amongst the Hindoes, and swarms of people were standing about barefooted, bareheaded, and many with body much nearer naked than clad. The spirit signs were over the doors of a vast number of these mud huts, drunkards were tumbling about the doors, and I saw several clergymen threading their way around them, and even stepping over them, to get the intoxicating draught. The first thing I saw upon entering Belfast was a poor, drunken woman, thrown out upon the pavements, and then tumbled into a cart, and drawn off. Such sights are common, not only here but in England."

TEMPERANCE, EXTRAORDINARY. in the parish of St. Mathias, Canada, with an adult population of about 1200, all but four have signed the pledge. This parish is said to have spent annually in strong drinks, up to the present time, $6000.

THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.—We are pleased to learn from private letters that the Dead Sea Exploring party have successfully and satisfactorily completed their task and returned to Jerusalem, where they were the 19th of May. They have sounded the sea, in all its parts, to the depth of 600 fathoms, and found the bottom crusted with crystalized salt. The pestilential effects attributed to the waters turn out to be fabulous. Ducks were swimming over the surface, and partridges abounded along the shore. The party were upon the sea in their boats, or encamped upon its borders for two months, and their researches and estimates have been of the most thorough and interesting character. All were in excellent health and spirits, no sickness or accident having occured.—By the Arabs they had been received and uniformly treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The Syrians consider "the men of the Jordan," as they call them, the greatest heroes of the day.—Lieutenants Lynch and Dale will visit, under the most favorable circumstances, all the places made memorable in Scripture history; and we expect from them a highly interesting account of their explorations of the Dead Sea, and their adventures in the Holy Land.—[Boston Transcript.

THE COST OF GLORY. The whole number of Americans that were killed in the recent war, including the line of the Rio Grande and that of Vera Cruz, is estimated at 2000, and the wounded at 4000. It is impossible to say how many of the latter have died in consequence of their wounds, but we should suppose that not less than one-fourth, say 1000, making in all 3000 deaths from battle.—This, however, bears but a small proportion to the number who have sunk under disease. A still larger amount perished at the Capital—the deaths there for a considerable length of time were *one thousand monthly*, and at no time did they fall below from 300 to 400.

A GANG OF IRISH FREEBOOTERS BROKEN UP BY THE FORTITUDE OF A YOUNG GIRL. For several months past, the district of Cionmacnoise, in the King's County, at its junction with Westmeath, in the vicinity of Ballinahown, has been suffering from the dspredations of an infamous band of nocturnal freebooters, known as Killian, Larkin & Co., and, notwithstanding the unceasing exertions of the constabulary in both counties, these practised desperadoes continued in their career with a degree of adroitness which long enabled them to evade detection. At length, however the intriped conduct of a young girl, whose years scarcely numbered sixteen, has effected the object of breaking up this evil and extensive confederacy.

On Thursday night the gang broke open an outhouse belonging to Mr. William Lusk, of Bloomhill, and carried off a number of geese, old and young, the only booty it contained. On the following morning Miss Lusk putting herself at the head of a party of men and women who volunteered their services led them to the residence of the ringleader, "Writ" Larkin, in the bog of Clonascra. Her appearance was the signal for an immediate fusilade of threats and protestations of innocence; but the dauntless girl prosecuted her search, and her perseverance, though long fruitless, was at length crowned with success. The assiduity with which Mrs. Larkin kept rocking a cradle in which a young scion of the hopeful stock was reposing, attracted the attention of Miss Lusk, who insisted on its removal and found that it rested on a large flag, covering a capacity in the floor, in which was secreted a quantity of meat and bones, being a portion of a heifer stolen a few nights previous from a poor man named Henry; and, on farther search, the full of a large glove of pawnbrokers' tickets, were discovered for property stolen at different periods. Our heroine took measures to prevent the escape of Larkin and his wife, despatched an express for the police, who seized on the stolen meat, and, accompanied by Miss Lusk, conducted the prisoners, loaded with the spoil, before the magistrates then sitting at the Down petty sessions. Larkin has acknowledged his guilt, and the number of depredations which his confession embraces is a proof that an important public service has been rendered by his detection; and as his information against his associates go directly to implicate a number of notorious characters, two of whom have already been arrested, there can be no doubt but the entire band, who have been the scourge of the locality, will now meet that reward which is so long due to them from the hands of justice.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—This gentleman's departure from England on his return to his native land, is mentioned by the Harbinger's correspondent as follows:—

"Mr. Emerson leaves in the steamer of the 14th. [the Europa which arrived in Boston 27th ult.] He has been well received here by all classes, and I hear many expressions of regret at his leaving England just now, when he is becoming so well appreciated. His last lecture (Shakspeare) was very fully attended at Exeter Hall, and received with great applause, notwithstanding some parts told rather hard against some old English notions. At the conclusion of the Lecture Mr. Moncton Milnes, who presided, came forward and addressed the assembly, and complimented Mr. Emerson and his country very flatteringly, to all of which the audience responded with hearty cheers. Mr. Emerson made a very pertinent reply, expressing his thanks for the very kind reception he had met with in all quarters, and his hope and belief that England had only to be true to her past history to insure a glorious future."

LIBRARY OF HARVARD COLLEGE—At the recent annual examination by the committee appointed for that purpose, it appeared that there are now belonging to the various libraries connected with the University, about 82,000 volumes, besides a large and very valuable collection of unbound tracts, maps, plans, &c. There are in the Public Library, Gore Hall, 55,000; Law Library, Dane Hall, 12,000; Theological Library, Divinity Hall, 3,000; Medical Library, Medical Hall, 2,000; Society Libraries, 10,000—in all 82,000. Fifteen hundred and twenty-three bound volumes, and 2,520 pamphlets, have been added during the past year. [Cambridge Chronicle.

JUDGE CRAWFORD AND HON. MR. MANN.—The N. Y. Evening Post gives more particular account of the interruption of Mr. Mann by Judge Crawford, than what we took from the Express last week. When Mr. M. had been thus interrupted, says the Post, he informed the Judge that the sentiments and language which had excited his censure and condemnation were contained in a speech delivered before a popular meeting called to express sympathy for the people of France in there struggle against the power of royalty and tyranny, by Hon. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, a member of the United States Senate.

The Judge fidgetted on his seat, run his fingers hurredly over that part of the cranium where the hair should have been, and allowed the learned and ingenious counsel to make the best of their point.

JESUITS.—*Father Di Vico.* It is stated that nearly thirty of the Jesuit fraternity, who were exiled from Switzerland, have arrived in this country, together with many other Roman Catholic gentlemen, among them Father di Vico, known to all men of science, as the Director of the Observatory at Rome, as the discoverer of the Comet which beares his name, and, indeed, in connexion with many of the astronomical discoveries of our day. The recent forced departure of the Jesuits from Rome, at the demand of the Roman mobs, has forced him as a member of the Jesuit fraternity, to leave his Observatory and his home. He took refuge first in London, and has since arrived in this country, and is now employed in the Observatory of the Roman Catholic College at Georgetown, District of Columbia.

UNITED STATES VESSELS AT MONTREAL.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial says, "The U. S Steamers certainly do honor to the country they represent. They are both of iron, and one of them was constructed at Pittsburg and brought round to Oswego in sections. They are excellent sailers without the aid of their engines, which are good, and said to be very complete.

The British Government, when applied to for permission for these vessels to pass through their waters to the ocean, not only complied with the request but directed that for the locks, wharfage, navy depot, &c., every thing was to be without charge of any kind.

At Kingston and Montreal the arrival of the Jefferson and Dallas was quite a jubilee. It was the first time I had seen the American flag flying in the port of Montreal, and I believe it is the first time with one exception that it has occurred."

At Montreal, the Mayor and municipal authorities of the city, on the arrival of the Jefferson and Dallas, in a body visited the vessels and made an address to the officers in charge, to which appropriate responses were made. Subsequently the Mayor and Corporation invited the officers to a public dinner at the far-famed Dongegana's Hotel, in which many of the citizens united.

THE LAW AND THE PRESS. Some three years ago, William L. Mackenzie gave to the public the contents of a certain trunk or trunks of old letters mainly addressed to Jesse Hoyt, and by Hoyt placed in said trunks and thus left in one of the upper chambers of the Custom-House on his sudden exit from the Collectorship.

An application to the Vice-Chacellor, however, resulted in an injunction utterly forbiding the publication or sale of the work in question, and even the paying over, by those who had purchased copies to sell, of any part of the proceeds to the author and his representatives. Thus the book has remained under the ban of law ever since it was fairly published.

On the 22d inst. eight says before his office becomes extinct, Chancellor Walworth gives a decision, reversing that of the Court below, pronouncing the claim of Hoyt to the proceeds of the book unfounded, and ordering a full restitution to Mackenzie, both of the book and its proceeds, with costs!—[Tribune.

CITY LIFE.—The Traveller says that a watchman, the other night, was called to quell a disturbance in a house in Broad street. Arriving at the room whence the noise came, in which were closely packed about twenty human beings men, women and children—he began by ordering all who did not belong there to leave. Finding that no one stirred, he separately questioned each person, and found it to be a fact that *all were tenants of the room.* The night was one of the hottest of the season, and the stifled air of this human pen was almost suffocating to the watchman who entered it.

THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY. Mr. Edward B. Phillips whose melancholy decease occurred at Brattleboro,' Vt., at the age of 24 years, bequeathed to Harvard University the munificent sum of *one hundred thousand dollars*, for its Observatory.

THE RED MAN IN CONVENTION. In the second Annual Convention of the Diocese of Wisconsin, held on the 14th of June, among other business, a Chief of the Oneida tribe of Indians, a man of considerable intelligence, was elected a lay delegate to the next General Convention. The tribe was represented by *four* of our red brethren at this Convention.—*Protestant Churchman.*

An Indian delegate to the Episcopal General Convention would indeed be an interesting sight, and it will not be many years before we may see the same phenomenon in the Congress of the United States.

TWENTY FOUR LEFT OUT OF EIGHTY. A few months ago, eighty sappers and miners left West Point for the battle fields of Mexico. Twenty four have just returned, the only survivors of the band; all the rest have found a grave beneath the soil over which our armies have triumphed.

☞ EXCURSION FOR POOR CHILDREN.—I am now making arrangements to carry several hundred poor children to a neighboring Grove, on Wednesday morning, the 16th of August.

Persons who desire to aid this work, by money or provisions, will please forward them to my house, 24 Central Court, or, if more convenient, to No. 40 Cornhill, or to JOHN AUGUSTUS, Franklin Avenue.

jy29 JOHN M. SPEAR.

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums—

From Auxillary Assoc. in Lancaster		50 00
do do do	Concord	26 17
do do do	Hallowell	12 00
do do do	Northfield	15 00
do O C Everett's Society in do		17 65
do Auxillary Assoc. in Nashua		15 00
do a friend in Londonderry, N. H.		5 00
do Daniel Weld, Esq, Donation		20 00
do P Putnam, Esq, of Franconia, do		10 00
do collection made at Salem additional		89 70
do Ladies Sewing Society at Milton		30 00
do Rev W B Greene of Brookfield for Tracts		10 00
do Dea Draper, of Wayland, Donation		5 00
do Auxillary Assoc. in East Cambridge		20 00
do do do	Stow	3 50
do Mrs Rebecca Conant of Amherst, N. H.		1 00
do Mrs A E P Burgess, of Providence, by Rev E M Stone, to constitute her a life member		30 00
do Auxillary Assoc. in Fitchburg		30 00
do Hon James M. Wayne, of Georgia, to constitute himself a life member		30 00
do Hon S S Wilde to constitute himself a life member		30 00
do Rev Dr Gannett's Society additional		20 00
do Hon Samuel Hoar of Concord		20 00
do Auxiliary Assoc. in Trenton, N. Y.		50 00
do Ladies Benevolent Society in Charlestown, N. H.		15 00
do Auxiliary Assoc. in Rev Dr Putnam's Soc. Roxbury		50 00
do do do	Brighton	42 00

Aug. 5.

☞ The Church of the first Parish in Northborough having been re-modelled, will be re-dedicated on Tuesday the 15th inst. The services will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

☞ THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION will meet at the house of Rev. J. Allen, at 10 o'clock A. M.

☞ NOTICE. The Franklin County Evangelical Association will meet at the house of Rev W. Stearns, in Rowe, on Monday, Aug 14th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN F. MOORS, Scribe.

Deerfield, July 31st, 1848. 2w

☞ REVIEW OF THE MEXICAN WAR. At the urgency of some of the writers for the Premium of $500 offered by the American Peace Society for the best Review of the Mexican War, the time for presenting the Essays is postponed to the expiration of four months from the President's official announcement of Peace, viz., to the 10th of November next, when they should be forwarded to Office of Am. Peace Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

jy22 GEO. C. BECKWITH, Cor. Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

In Harvard, 16th ult, by Rev Mr. Gilbert, Mr George Wolcott, of Stowe, to Miss Lurena H Houghton, of H.

In Lowell, Aug. 1st, by Rev Mr Niles, Mr. James Hoyle, of Saugus, to Mrs Priscilla E Pierce, of Lowell.

In Providence, R. I., on the 3d inst, by Rev T. T. Waterman, Mr Henrick Walker, (of Ross' Express,) and Miss Emeline Goodridge, all of Providence,

In Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday evening July 30th, by Rev Mr Peabody, Mr Richard L Pickering to Miss Josephine E Barton.

In Danvers, on Wednesday evening, August 2d, Mr George P Osborne to Miss Elizabeth, only daughter of Joseph Shaw, Esq.

In Meadville, Pa., June 29th, by Elder Wm A Fuller, at the residence of Mr Horace Cullum, Mr. Samuel Rockwell to Miss Maria Ball, both of Spring, Pa.

At Honolulu, April 14th, J H Brown, of Salem, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John C Jones, Esq, formerly U. S. Consul.

DEATHS.

In this city, 4th inst, Henrietta Elizabeth, youngest child of Elbridge G. and Mary Ann E Hopkins, 1 year and 7 mos.

7th inst, Mrs Ruth Hatch, 75.

8th inst. James Gaffield, son of the late Thomas Gaffield, of this city, aged 22 years.

In Watertown, Aug. 5th, Mary E, youngest daughter of Thomas and Sarah C Livermore, 2 years.

In Waltham, July 25, George E Hobbs, member of the Junior Class in Harvard College, 18.

In Salem, on Tuesday, August 1st, Mr Robert Smith, aged 27 years—a native of Halifax, N. S.

In Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs Elizabeth O Putnam, wife of Capt Hiram Putnam, formerly of Salem, and eldest daughter of the late Dr George Osgood, of Andover.

In Lexington, 3d inst, Mrs Isabella, wife of Rev Herman Snow, and daughter of Peter Wellington, 31.

In Eastport, Me., 26th ult, Mrs Joanna, wife of Daniel Killby, Esq, and daughter of the late Isaac Hobart, Esq, 49.

In Worcester, Elizabeth, daughter of Calvin and Julia F Chamberlin, 1 year 22 days.

In Springfield, Aug 1, Mrs Eliza A, aged 28, wife of Mr Wm F Smith.

In Dedham, 4th inst, Harriet C, daughter of Wm Whitney, of Boston.

In East Cambridge, 6th inst, Phebe Maria, daughter of Samuel B. and Mary H Brooks, 4 years of age.

In Dorchester, on Saturday, August 5th, deeply lamented, Mrs. Sophia, wife of Benjamin Bangs, Esq 62.

NEW BOOK—Modern Literature, by L. Raymond de Vericour, formerly Lecturer in the Royal Athenæum, Paris; author of "Milton et la Poesie Epique;" member of the Archæological Society, Rome; the Historical Institute of France, etc., etc. Revised with Notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in late political events in Paris, by William Staughton Chase, A. M.; one vol. 12mo. pp. 450. Just published, and for Sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No. 134 Washington, opposite School St.

aug12 1is2os.

SCHOOL FOR YONNG LADIES.—The Fall Term of the Subscriber's School for young Ladies will commence in convenient and pleasant rooms, at the WARREN STREET CHAPEL, on Monday, September 11th.

The usual branches of a liberal English Education are taught, viz: Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Geography, History, Natural Philosophy, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Natural Theology, Botany, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Algebra; Geometry, Book-keeping, etc.

Instruction is also given in the French, Italian, and Latin Languages; and in drawing and Needle-work.

The School is furnished with a superior Philosophical Apparatus, and a large and excellent Library. The number of pupils is limited; particular attention can therefore be bestowed upon each individual. Mr. H. G. FETTE, Teacher of Drawing; Miss MATILDA GODDARD, Teacher of Needle-work.

aug12 WILLIAM S. JARVIS.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS. JAMES MUNROE & CO., have received the following—

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by Acton Bell, 50c:
Vanity Fair, or Sketches of English Society, by Thackeray, 50.
Grantley Manor, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 50c.
Brothers and Sisters, by Miss Bremer, translated by Miss Howitt, 25.
The Henpecked Husband, 25.
The Baronet's Daughters, by Mrs Gay:
Hawkstone, 2 vols, 1,00:
Self Control, by Miss Brunton, 1,00:
Miss Adams' Letters, new edition, 2 vols in one:
Lead Diseases, from the French of Tauquerel, by Dr Dana, 8vo, 2,25:
Highways and Byways, by Grattan, 2d series, 37:
Eastern Tourist's Guide, by Disturnell, 18mo, 62:
Giles' Oration, July 4th, in Boston, 25:
Hudson's Lectures, on Shakspeare, 2 vols, 2,25:
For sale at 134 Washington, opposite School st.

ag5 1is2os

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, AT FRAMINGHAM. The second term of the eighth year of this School will commence on Monday, Sept 11th.—Terms, course of instruction, &c. as usual. Circulars will be sert to those who desire it.

Reference may be made to the following gentlemen, who are or have been, patrons of the School:—Judge Edward Mellen of Wayland; Hon. Wm. Jackson, Newton; Hon. John C. Park, Dr M. S. Perry and E. Baker, Henry Smith, David Reed, Mason J. Chapin, Edmund Jackson, Francis Jackson, Daniel Perkins, Sanford M. Hunt, Benj. Brown, Jr., Bradford Sumner, John D. Williams, Nahum Jones, Thos. Snow, Edward Lamb, H. N. Hooper, J. M. Barnard, Oliver Eldridge, Esqs. of Boston.

ag5 ia8w JAMES W. BROWN.

NEW BOOKS. Brothers and Sisters, by Miss Bonner; Mirabeau, a Life History, 1 vol; Charms and Counter Charms, by the author of Two Lives; The Life and Writings of Cassius M. Clay; Eastern Life, by Harriet Martineau; Miss Strickland's Life of the Queens of England, complete in 12 vols; Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land; Shadow of the Cross; Old Man's Home; Dark River; Mary Leeson, by Mary Howitt, What I saw in California; Angela, by the author of Emilia Wyndham; Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution of 1789.

For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington st. 1is2os jy29

LECTURES. Burnap's Lectures to Young Men, new edition. Lectures to Young Men on the Cultivation of the Mind, the formation of Character, and the Conduct of Life, by Rev G. W. Burnap—third edition, enlarged and corrected—this day published.

For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington st. 1is2os ag5

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☞ Particular attention paid to the sale of WOOL, and liberal advances made on consignments.

june17 tf

DR. WISTAR AT THE SOUTH.

BE not deceived with vain hope—lay not the flattering unction to your soul, that disease will cure itself; especially if that disease be Consumption or Liver Complaint. If you would be restored to health you must use the means which benevolence and a kind Providence have placed within your reach. The great and universally popular remedy for consumption and all chronic diseases, is now for sale in every city and important town in the country, and at a price, too, that any one can afford to pay. You have no excuse, therefore, for neglecting to save your life and health. Be not deceived with quack nostrums, or any imitations of this invaluable medicine. An individual at Charleston, South Carolina, recently purchased four bottles of Swayne's Syrup—one of the most celebrated physicians in the city told the deceived patient he must send that article back, and exchange it for Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Be not deceived—remember that it is Dr. Wistar's Balsam that cures—it is Dr. Wistar's that brings back the bloom of health to the cheek, lustre to the eye, strength to the system, joy and gladness to the soul, and happiness to man—it is Dr. Wistar's that has gained such celebrity among the sick, astonishing the world with its effects, and is recommended by the best physicians throughout the land. Be not deceived—buy none unless signed I. Butts on the wrapper, the genuine Dr. Wistar's.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. july22

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GRAY'S BOTANY OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES large, 12mo, pp., 800.—Wills' Qualitative Analysis, with a Preface, by Baron Liebig, Edited by Prof. Horsford, 12mo; Burnap on the Doctrines of Christianity, 12mo; Letters to Relatives and Friends, by Mrs. Dana, author of The Parted Family, &c., 12mo, new edition; Peabody on Christian Doctrine, new edition, 12mo; Nichols' System of the World, 15 plates, 12mo; Stellar Universe, by Dr. Nichol, 16mo, plates; Emerson's Essays, new Edition, 16mo; Endeavors after the Christian Life, by James Martineau, 12mo; Richter's Best Hours of Life, 32mo; The True Story of My Life, by Andersen, 16mo; Harold, a Novel, by Bulwer, 2 plates; Mrs. Adams' Letters, new Edition; Self-Control, by Miss Brunton, 16mo; Jane Eyre, Library Edition; Eastern Tourist's Guide, 18mo; The Tourist and Railroad Guide, plates and maps; Bushnell's Christian Nurture, new Edition, 12mo; Channing's Memoir and Works, new Edition.

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OF THE

SEA AND SHORES OF

POETRY.

For the Register.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEER ISLAND,

QUARANTINE GROUND, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

BY JANE E. LOCKE.

Island of grief! beneath whose barren sward
Lie the crushed hopes of poverty and love;
Whereever the murmur of one solemn word
Rises amid thy mist the ocean wail above;
Word of all words of woe the soul may tell,
The whispered sigh of desolate hearts—*farewell!*
My heart grows ashen as I gaze on thee,
For the echo of that word, lone island of the sea!

To me thou strikest horror! what to him,
Who on yon vessel's deck in agony
Gazes with glazed eye on the ocean's brim,
And in his dying dreams whispers of thee!
Who famine spent upon his native shore,
Cast one sad yearning look the blue main o'er,
Then grasped the fragments of his wretchedness,
With the symbols of his hope that now his pale lips press;

That now his wan lips press so fervently,
In their last quivering gasp:—rosary and cross!
How did a dim hope flicker on the sea
Of life and love, when he its waves should cross;
Fond hope, but to be quenched in that sad word,
That strain of woe that sternest hearts hath stirred,
Whose echo round thee lashes sand and shore,
Rides on the gale, and the lone sea-bird's wing—*no more!*

How many a time shall hope grow faint and fade,
How many a time shall falter firmest faith,
Ere the dull anthems for thy nameless dead,
Shiver to broken chords the feigned smile beneath!
How many a time of starving want the wail
On poverty's lone isle rush on the gale,
Weary the wave, and sink beneath the sea,
Ere the full death-note break in hopelessness from thee!

Oh who shall mark the rude Cross sacred there,
The death palled hand, ere its own pulse was stilled,
Reared on thy soil, that tells the traveller where
A lonely grave with love's fresh hopes was filled?
Would it were mine the task—my misty sight,
Dim with fresh tears as dew-drops of the night,
Should not o'erlook the meanest alien grave,
O'er which could bend a desolate love my sympathy to crave.

For still upon my own cheek creeps the breath
Of dying love! Still wails within my heart
The forest wind through leafless boughs! Still wreath
Young dimpled hands, with sacred buds that start,
A desolate altar, where in purple flame
Fond hopes have burnt out, and fond loves the same,
Leaving their ashes heaped in odor there,
Kindred to that o'er thee, thou island of despair!

How bends the heart at many a ruined shrine,
And firmly walks in strength its pride hath feigned,
A Mecca pilgrimage, as 'twere divine,
Kneeling by fonts unanswered love hath drained!
How mourns it oft, as bending o'er its dead,
Its wasted faith by tombs unholy shed;
And yearns to write above the hallowed dust,
As I would write o'er thine—*Heaven, Faith, and Trust.*

Wamesit Cottage, July, 1848.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Letters from Rev. G. W. Samson, in the New York Recorder.]

JOURNEY TO GOSHEN, NO. I.

SUEZ, March 11, 1848.

My four camels, two for luggage, and a dromedary each for myself and servant were engaged, and the tent and all things needed made ready. Then at the appointed day, those machine-like ships of the desert, were piled with all stores, water not excepted, a mountain load, and we set sail for the North. In the saddle bags were stored the oft used surveyor's compass, measuring tape, &c. We rode out of Cairo with the cradle-like motion of the easy dromedary. About three or four miles beyond [the *obelisk* on the edge of the desert near Cairo,] we encamp on the West bank of the Birket bel Hadji—the Lake of the Pilgrims; the spot at which the pilgrims from Cairo to Mecca spend their first night, and where they drink the last pure sweet water before entering the desert. After inquiries of several villagers at the Lake I heard of a place called *el Obers*, the dome, about an hour (or two miles) on. At length I found the old granite or sandstone ruins with the names of some of the Pharaohs so shattered that they could not be read. Here plainly was once an old Egyptian city now forgotten, only six miles from its contemporary, Heliopolis. In an hour more we entered the old town of Khankah. I rambled to some spots where there seemed to be ruins, and found again the granite blocks from Syene which I knew no Arab had ever brought there, and on a door step in the village read the name of Remeses the Great; and this I penned down as the third old Egyptian town we had passed from Cairo in the space of twelve or fifteen miles. We encamped that night by the famous *Zell el Yehoodee*, the Mound of the Jews; the tradition being handed down to this day that this city as well as Heliopolis was once inhabited by Jews, and doubtless it is the site of one of those cities which the successors of Alexander the Great gave to this people. The tall black mound, composed chiefly of the sun-burnt bricks of the black Nile, of which houses in Egypt from the remotest ages have been built, had long been towering up before us; and now as my little tent stood beside it, the Zell seemed a small mountain. I hurried up its side while the camels were unloading, and having climbed some forty or fifty feet looked out on some miles square of the foundations of houses with intervening streets, the bare walls rising, dismally black all around. In this utilitarian age these Arabs of Egypt have found that these old mud bricks, merely baked at first in the sun, form a rich manure for the lands adjoining the desert, where the Nile soil is thin, and trains of donkeys and camels, and men, women, boys and girls may be seen carrying the substance of these mounds to enrich the surrounding fields. I found just excavated the foundations of the fine tower of sandstone, with a massive staircase running down upon the outside. I followed on, through mound after mound, till at length I saw some lime-stone fragments, on which were one or two broken cartouches, not readable but sufficient to show that the Pharaohs had reared these Ara Aases. Twice in the night I was roused by the report of a pistol, and in the morning I heard them bragging of their valor in guarding the *master*, and of their having shot two men whom they saw stealing on towards my tent. A company of some hundred or more almost naked Arabs were at work on one of the canals for leading water from the Nile, and evidently wearied with bearing all day heavy baskets of earth on their shoulders. By the path along which they passed going and returning, stood a brutal overseer with a large whip, giving to each as they hurried past upon the run a severe cut across their bare backs; and for half an hour I saw and heard the cruel lash. My blood boiled, and more than once I was on the point of rushing upon the brute, but a second thought told me how useless it would be.

The third day the sheikh, who had been before quite sick, was completely down, and hearing of a Zell two or three miles within the Delta, some six or eight miles further on the road, the loaded camels were left with him to go on at an easy stage to Belbeis, and the dromedaries rambled off for the Zell. The people called it *Zell el Yehoodee* sometimes, but usually and universally it was called—(a name which made me think of Isaiah's prophecy of the five cities in Egypt which should afterwards speak the language of Canaan)—*Zell ell Gerath*, the Mound of the locust, or of destruction; the Arabic name being precisely the same as the Hebrew word used by the prophet. Here were the brick walls of what was once evidently the outer court of an Egyptian temple, the stones of which had now all disappeared. The villagers looked with wonder to see a Frangee taking angles and pacing between those old walls, and still more to receive a few paras for simply telling the names of the villages round. We slept that night at Belbeis, on the edge of the desert, around which, on the East and South, are those same large brick walls; and scattered in the village, blocks of the same red granite which by immense labor were brought from Upper Egypt, a labor which none of the Mohammedan rulers of Egypt have attempted. And this is no less than the sixth old Egyptian city I had seen from Cairo, a distance of not more than thirty-five or forty miles; and the thought struck me that those ancient Pharaohs (who were exposed to such incursions from the East as that of Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon and Cyrus of Persia,) had stretched a line of fortresses all along the edge of the rich Delta, by the desert, as a defence against the only quarter (save Ethiopia) from which they were exposed to an attack.

I longed to track the edge of the Delta and desert clear round—twenty-five miles perhaps farther; but that would have been to skirt Goshen without entering it. The poor sheikh—I must mention him again;—like a real Arab he wanted "dower, dower;" not what the young gentlemen here give for a fair damsel when they wish to marry, but *physic*. I had tried my hand under similar circumstances on the reis [*ray is*] of my boat, and having succeeded well then, and convinced from his symptoms that a dose of calomel would do him no harm, the little medicine box was brought from its long obscurity. But no sooner were the suspicious little phials seen than a woman of the village, who was a mother, came and clamored for dower, dower, for her sick boy; and unable to refuse her, a little prescription for him too was prepared. Then she clamored for more to *keep*, but this was a little too much, and determined not to carry the physician's art so far as to be indicted for manslaughter, I told her I had no more to spare, which was literally true. But I cured the sheikh as well as the reis, and I hope the boy too. A trifling incident this, but a key to one striking point in the character of this people—their faith—faith here in what they regard superior knowledge, a faith which in the extreme is fatalism.

I must ask your readers to excuse these disjointed pages. They are written by piecemeal, from night to night, after a long day's ride on the dromedary, often with the wind almost blowing out the candle, and still oftener balmy sleep so shutting down my eyelids that the lines go all awry.

NO. II.

AYIN MOUSA, March 12, 1848.

Next morn we bid adieu to the beautiful contrast of the rich Nile-soil bordering the leafless burning sand; and we plunged into the Delta. We were bound for Zell Basta,—the ancient Bubastis near the junction of the Damietta branch of the Nile and the ancient canal. It was in sight some eighteen miles perhaps to the West of North. As we crept along the banks of the canals with which the fields are crossed like a chequer-board, language can hardly describe the richness of the agricultural scene around. I saw a company of ploughmen resting, with their ploughs in the furrow *in one field*, and I undertook to count them, and having got up to twenty five or thirty gave it up. I looked over the rich fields of cotton and wheat, and beans for camels, and hemp and barley; and though I was high on the canal's bank and the dromedary's back, often I could nowhere see the edge. And yet this country is prominently, as of old, a grazing country; the rich rank clover stalks crowding each other, and the tethered buffaloes, and cows, and horses, and donkeys, and camels, and mules, and sheep and goats, in countless multitudes, in the same field, cropping their own little daily-granted patch, yet living luxuriously; for it is a peculiarity of this luxuriant country, that there is strictly speaking no pasture,—it is all mowing land, and yet there is no hay made; but as in the case of the pasha's stud near Cairo, you may see about eight hundred horses tethered along one field, from day to day advanced a few feet until they have swept it through, when the first part grazed is grown up ready for them again.

Scarcely was the tent pitched and the fire for the late dinner lighted, when through the usual crowd of gazing villagers a venerable, mild, patriarchal man, in grave attire for a Moslem, and with several attendants about him, came like Abraham of old, to press the stranger traveller to share his hospitable board and shelter. I learned that he was the sheikh, and I declined long; but the old man took me by the hand so kindly, saying Tas lee taa lee—come come, so invitingly, that I was forced to yield, telling my servants to follow to help me on in conversation. We were led through a high broad gateway. (In describing this I describe many mansions of public officers,) closed at night by two large wooden gates, one of them having a little portal perhaps two feet square, and raised two feet from the ground as a hole to crawl through at night.—Within was a yard or court eight or ten rods square, the single storied rooms of the mansion running along two sides, while the other two sides were enclosed by a brick wall as high as the eaves of the houses, there being in the corner of this wall a single room which was pointed out as my night's resting place, a separate house in fact. I declined this part of the good sheik's request, and did not see the inside. On one side of the wall was a raised platform of earth, two or three feet high and five or six wide. On this were mats spread as seats, and mounting with the party I left my slippers at the edge of the mat. A carpet to squat upon, and two cushions to lean on, were brought for the guest. The sheikh and company then seated themselves cross-legged on the mat, and I was not slow in copying their example; and relieved as I was by the carpet and pillows I found the posture not an uncomfortable one. As soon almost as we were seated, the sun having now gone down, the sheikh rose, and turning his face toward Mecca, went through aloud his evening prayers. These prayers consist, partly at least, of repetitions of the name of Allah and some other words, the repetitions being counted by beads, one being slipped along the string at each repetition.—These devotions perhaps occupied fifteen minutes, and were repeated again at half past seven o'clock, the Mohammedans having five times for prayer—sunrise, noon, three o'clock P. M., and the two seasons just noticed. I observed, however, that none of the company except one old man followed the sheikh; for, as in Christian lands, few act up to the precepts of their religion. Meantime the old sheikh had often interrupted his devotions to give directions to one and another of the troop of servants that were at his beck, and soon the busy whirl of the little hand-mill was heard grinding the wheat, and of the mortar and pestle preparing spices, &c. Guests too were dropping in, for I learned that these sheikhs every night entertain *gratis* all the travellers, and so many of their own friends as choose to come. I observed a silent attention to the place each occupied; I being at the sheikh's right hand, and his oldest and most honored friend at his left. His devotions over, an hour or more was spent in conversation about our respective countries; these people having no idea at all of America as distinct from Europe, and the best idea I could give them of its remoteness was to tell them that the pasha's steamer, which goes in two days from Cairo to Alexandria, would be eight or ten days in going to France, fifteen or sixteen days to England, and thirty or thirty five to America. Meantime the sheikh called one of his attendants with sword and pistols at his side, and ordered him to send three men to watch the night about my tent. A young guest of his brought him a fine duck he had shot, and this was given to me. At length, about eight o'clock, (a late hour with them) dinner was served.

First came three servants; one with a broad basin, over which each guest held his hands, while a second poured water over them, followed by a third who bore a towel. The washing of hands over, a troop of other servants came. The first bore on his shoulders a large round mat of palm which was held by four handles, some heavy weight hanging down in the centre. This was placed between the company, who sat on the two sides of the platform, facing each other, with the sheikh at the head. On being spread out there were seen within the mat some three pecks of the thin warm cakes which form the common Arab bread. These the sheikh took, (and I began already to see the propriety of washing hands before eating,) and distributed them, putting a huge pile, enough for six men, before his guest. Then came dishes of soup, and rice boiled in milk; a separate dish of each, with a spoon placed for me, while for the rest of the company one dish with *no* spoon served for two or three. The sheikh said, "B'ism Allah," "in the name of God," and began, and all followed. I watched how he and others tore bits from the bread and dipped it in the soup, or rice-to milk, and then bore it their mouth neatly, and I tried the experiment, but it was daubing work, and I took to the spoons which the sheikh's forethought had furnished. Then came roasted pigeons, and the old man selected a fine one, and with his fingers handed it to me. Meanwhile he had laughingly asked if I would have my servant go for the knife and fork, but I said no, no. A fine roasted chicken too was brought and laid on my napkin—the only one seen at the table. But I had eaten in a tent and on a dromedary's back often enough to manage these very well with my fingers. Last, fish were brought, and choice bits were broken out in the same style and passed to me, and then the contents of the dish distributed to the other guests. And this course finished the repast, for I should have mentioned that previously dates had been brought, and coffee two or three times, with sugar for me, had been passed round in the little Turkish cups. The repast finished, the sheikh picked up some fish and other choice fragments and tossed them to his particular friends, who wrapped them in a cake of bread, and put them in their handkerchiefs. Next he filled a large dish with soup and sent it to my Arabs with bread enough to last them a day. Finally the table was gathered up and borne off, and spread in the centre of the court, and a score of servants made an ample dinner of the fragments. Water was brought and hands washed as before dinner, and then rising, I apologised to the sheikh for being tired with riding all day, and took my leave. I was followed to my tent by his son, an intelligent and curious young man, who examined my dress and every thing about, asking a hundred questions, and seeming to take a pride in showing me his gorgeous Turkish costume. He wrote his name in my note book—a thing which comparatively few young men in this country can do—and I shall keep it as a memento. The good old sheikh had told me I must visit the Zell, (about a mile off,) and return and spend the next night with him; but I had told him I could not, and rising early walked on, leaving my servant to carry a present of coffee, &c. to the sheikh, and to distribute a few piastres to his men.

RAMBLE IN A COAL MINE.

☞ A friend, who dates his letter at Pittsburg, writes to the Baltimore Clipper the following interesting account of one of his rambles:—

Entrance to the Main Avenue — The various Chambers—Foul air and darkness—The Mule Trains—The Miners on a Strike — Mode of Working the Mines, &c.

"Ever more prone to seek for things curious than useful, on crossing the ferry at Sligo, I was much attracted by the rapid ascent and descent of coal carts upon a steep railway of some three hundred yards in length. In multiplying questions perhaps to a tediousness, those in attendance bantered me to a ride. Jumping in alone, a signal was given, and by an unseen power I was whisked up the dizzy height before the flutter of timidity could sound an alarm, lest the rope was insufficient for the additional load (self estimated of course,) put upon its strands On a workman offering to guide me through a pit, by his advice I laid aside my hat, wrapped a handkerchief in its stead, and with the aid of a small lamp we entered the main avenue, which is about four feet in height, the same in breadth, with variations as you proceed. For some hundred yards, the track was shoe deep in mire and water, with a constant dripping from above The roof, in addition to the side walls, was supported at short intervals by stout oaken posts wedged up. Here branches off avenues leading to the several chambers throughout the mine.

Besides the partitions between the chambers, sub-props similar to those above mentioned were applied at the space enlarged throughout the apartment. The guide led me into a chamber that was abandoned in consequence of the roof falling in. He drew my attention to the immense pressure upon the oaken posts, many of which were crushed and riven to the centre. To show me the tenacity of a natural pillar of coal to "hold up" as he termed, he took hold of a huge piece of slate, that was broken in the centre, and only held in its place by the pillar in question, sufficient in bulk with the loose rubbish above it, to prevent our exit, should it come down, and whilst expatiating on its solidity, he gave the corner of the pillar a kick, bringing down contrary to his expectation, a mass, with a rattle and racket which made me wish that he would direct his attention to matters less excitable. From here we ranged off into divers unoccupied chambers; in fact, we had seen none, as yet, occupied by the miners. On entering one of considerable magnitude, the foul air therein extinguished our lamp, nor could the guide relight it till we had groped our way in the dark to a more pure atmosphere. Hearing a dull rumbling noise like distant thunder, the guide said it was a mule train approaching; and soon after we saw the lights twinkling like fire-flies in the dim distance. As they drew nigh, six or eight miners sat squatted in the former car, each with his tiny light in his cap, that threw a glare upon his dusky features, and all engaged in a hilarious chorus. No space affording us a turnout, we were invited to take seats. Crawling in, the train rumbled on, the chorus was renewed, and a jollier set of dogs can rarely be met with, above or under ground. At length we reached the chamber of the entry, six hundred yards from the mouth, when we found a body of miners grouped around the extensive apartment, some crouched upon their haunches, some moving about in stooping postures, others lazily half-reclining against the walls, each as before with a lamp in his cap, which with its dull glare, added ghastliness to his begrimmed visage, brawny limbs, tattered garments, and smutty exterior, at the sudden sight of which, together with the damp chill, sulphurious smell, smothering oil-smoke, and dead blackness of the whole, I rashly (mentally, mind you,) resolved that if things looked more appalling in *regions down there below*, sheer compulsion, not curiosity, should alone cause me to visit thereat. It appeared that this large congregating together of the miners, about sixty in number, was for the purpose of regulating a strike for wages. They never need to fear of being overheard, be they ever so uproarious in their proceedings. We now ranged off till we came to miners at their labors, the first we had seen. It may be as well here to state that the branch entries or passages are less muddy than we found the main entrance. A trench by the side of the former carries the water to the latter, where a leaden pipe, leading to the mouth of the pit, discharges it below as a syphon.

Each of the miners has a chamber to himself. Here, with his pick, sledge, wedge, and shovel, his only tools, in a constrained and stooping position, he toils on in solitude, alike cut off from the light of heaven, the hum of nature, and all that is pure of the air he breathes. How man can content himself to the drudgery of so repulsive a lot, is a mystery I never shall attempt to fathom by a resort to the calling. The miner commences with his pick near the bottom of the wall, entering some two or three feet, then wedges off a foot or so at a time, till he reaches the roof or strata of slate, when he begins again below, and thus goes on enlarging his chamber, proping up as he proceeds, till he comes to the chamber of another miner thus similarly engaged, when, if at the extent of the coal vein, they go to work on the partitions dividing the apartments, and work backwards, removing the props as they go for the next to fall in as it may, and so on until the mine becomes exhausted. The operatives receive one and a half cents per bushel for digging the coal. An expert hand will throw out one hundred bushels per day, estimated by the cart-load of 25 bushels each. Their carts are 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and are built of strong plank, well secured by iron bands. They are taken, when loaded, to the mouth of the pit by a mule and driver, with each a lamp attached to him. There the mule is unhitched, a rope wound to a huge draw to regulate its descent, is attached, the car rapidly descends—bringing up on the fellow-track an empty one—and on reaching the bottom, discharges itself into a flat-boat and is in readiness to ascend for another load. Having extended our ramble for a couple of hours, and feeling greatly fatigued at the bent-up position I was forced to assume to screen my unprotected head from thumps not slow nor easy against the jagged projections of the uneven roof, every now and then, left me the hope that if I should fail being classed among the soft pated, I should, ere long, rejoice in the enviable distinction of a regular swell-head—I intimated a desire to retrace our steps. Besides the above inconvenience, the chill of the place, together with the constant dripping of the water, made my limbs shake as if with an ague;—and then my poor back came in for a share of its complaints. It groaned piteously at the constraint put upon it. A diseased spine here to a miner would be valued according to the extent of the curvature. On coming from the pit I had the satisfaction to see the boat, in which I should have taken passage, puffing her course down the river as stoically unconcerned as though no disappointment was in the case."

WEST POINT.

There is no spot in our country, which on the whole appears to me so beautiful as West Point. The view up the river from the verandah of the hotel, is one which, once seen, can never be forgotten. As I was expressing to a cadet on board the boat my admiration of the place, he replied, "It may be very beautiful indeed for visiters, but I assure you that it is all dull prose for cadets." It is indeed one of the last situations in the world at which I should wish to place a son. I should much prefer apprenticing him to any respectable mechanical employment, than to train him up to the profession of a soldier.—The military education which is acquired here, unfits one for the peaceful duties of life, and the young men who enter the army obtain but a meager competence in the way of support, and life must be passed in weariness and disgust. There is no honor to be acquired in shooting painted savages in the swamps of Florida, or in chasing ragged half-breed Indians over the plains of Mexico. And the situation of an intelligent, high-minded young man, stationed at some frontier post out of the limits of civilization, with no society but that of drunken vagabond Indians, and common soldiers, who are generally the refuse of our great cities, is one of the most undesirable which can be imagined. Compare the situation of a young lieutenant in the army, smoking away his life at some distant outpost of mud and logs, the servant of others, with that of any respectable young lawyer, physician, merchant or mechanic in our thriving villages, and how vastly inferior is his condition in all the elements of earthly happiness!

I have seldom witnessed any scene which has produced so deep an impression upon my mind, as "the Charge," at the drill of dragoons at West Point. About one hundred young men, mounted on powerful horses, for an hour rode over the parade-ground, in the skilful performance of all military evolutions, when they prepared for the charge. Forming in solid column, about ten abreast, they rode to one end of the parade-ground, and then starting their horses first upon a walk, then upon a gentle trot, then upon the quick trot, and then upon the full run, each one urged his utmost possible speed, all shrieking at the tops of their voices, waving their swords and enveloped in a cloud of dust, they swept like a desolating tornado over the plain. It was sublime; it was awful, it was *savage* in its expression, in the highest possible degree. It seemed to be not merely nerving the arm for slaughter, but fostering in the heart the thirst for blood. I cannot conceive it possible that a young man of energy of character can be brought up under such influences, without really longing for war, for the pleasurable excitement it affords. Even my cold blood was roused; and strong as was my moral disapproval, I could with difficulty restrain the instinctive desire to mount the war-horse, and plunge into the heavy fight. What then must be its influence upon an impetuous and high-spirited young man? And how tame and spiritless, in the midst of such bewilderments, must appear the life-giving principles of our Savior! How utterly must such an education unprepare one for the tranquil joys of a Christian home. [J. S. C. Abbott.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY REV. DR. NOTT.

Under God, I owe my early education, nay all that I have been or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a pious mother. It was, peace to her sainted spirit, it was her monitory voice, that first taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in abstinence.

And as no one is more indebted than myself, to the kind of influence in question, so no one more fully realizes how decisively it bears upon the destinies of others.

By woman came the apostacy of Adam, and by woman, the recovery through Jesus. It was woman that imbued the mind, and formed the character of Moses, Israel's deliverer. It was a woman who led the choir, and gave back the response of that triumphal procession, which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh. It was a woman that put Sisera to flight, and composed the song of Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, and judged in righteousness, for years, the tribes of Israel. It was a woman that defeated the wicked councils of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai, and saved a whole people from their utter desolation.

And now to speak of Semiramis of Babylon of Catherine of Russia, or of those Queens of England whose joyous reigns constitute the brightest periods of British history, or of her, the young and lovely, the patron of learning and morals, who now adorns the throne of the sea-girt isles; not now to speak of these, there are others of more sacred character, of whom it were admissible even now to speak.

The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of women; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty, and throne of power. Or if seen abroad she is seen to the best advantage when on her errands of love, and wearing her robes of mercy.

It was not woman that slept during the agony of Gethsemane; it was not woman that denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman that deserted His cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was a woman who dared to testify her respect for his corpse, that procured spices for embalming it and that was found last at night and first in the morning at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character.

Now as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave, the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.

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